

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1886.

## THE WOODLANDERS.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

### CHAPTER V.

WINTERBORNE sped on his way to Sherton-Abbas without elation and without discomposure. Had he regarded his inner self spectacularly, as lovers are now daily more wont to do, he might have felt pride in the discernment of a somewhat rare power in him—that of keeping not only judgment but emotion suspended in difficult cases. But he noted it not. Neither did he observe what was also the fact, that though he cherished a true and warm feeling towards Grace Melbury, he was not altogether her fool just now. It must be remembered that he had not seen her for a year.

Arrived at the entrance to a long flat lane, which had taken the spirit out of many a pedestrian in times when, with the majority, to travel meant to walk, he saw before him the trim figure of a young woman in pattens, journeying with that steadfast concentration which means purpose and not pleasure. He was soon near enough to see that she was Marty South. Click, click, click, went the pattens ; and she did not turn her head.

She had, however, become aware before this that the driver of the approaching gig was Giles. She had shrunk from being overtaken by him thus ; but as it was inevitable, she had braced herself up for his inspection.

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tion by closing her lips so as to make her mouth quite unemotional, and by throwing an additional firmness into her tread.

"Why do you wear pattens, Marty ? The turnpike is clean enough although the lanes are muddy."

"They save my boots."

"But twelve miles in pattens—'twill twist your feet off. Come, get up and ride with me."

She hesitated, removed her pattens, knocked the gravel out of them against the wheel, and mounted in front of the nodding specimen apple-tree. She had so arranged her bonnet with a full border and trimmings that her lack of long hair did not much injure her appearance ; though Giles of course saw that it was gone, and may have guessed her motive in parting with it ; such sales, though infrequent, being not unheard of in that locality.

But nature's adornment was still hard by, in fact within two feet of him, though he did not know it. In Marty's basket was a brown-paper packet, and in the packet the chestnut locks, which, by reason of the barber's request for secrecy, she had not ventured to intrust to other hands.

Giles asked, with some hesitation, how her father was getting on.

He was better, she said ; he would be able to work in a day or two ; he would be quite well but for his craze about the tree falling on him.

"You know why I don't ask for him so often as I might, I suppose?" said Winterborne. "Or don't you know?"

"I think I do."

"Because of the houses?"

She nodded.

"Yes. I am afraid it may seem that my anxiety is about those houses which I should lose by his death, more than about him. Marty, I do feel anxious about the houses, since half my income depends upon them; but I do likewise care for him; and it almost seems wrong that houses should be leased for lives, so as to lead to such mixed feelings."

"After father's death they will be Mrs. Charmond's?"

"They'll be hers."

"They are going to keep company with my hair," she thought.

Thus talking they reached the town. By no pressure would she ride up the street with him. "That's the right of another woman," she said with playful malice as she put on her pattens. "I wonder what you are thinking of! Thank you for the lift in that handsome gig. Good-bye."

He blushed a little, shook his head at her, and drove on ahead into the streets; the churches, the abbey, and other buildings on this clear bright morning having the linear distinctness of architectural drawings, as if the original dream and vision of the conceiving master-mason, some mediæval Vilars or other unknown to fame, were for a few minutes flashed down through the centuries to an unappreciative age. Giles saw their eloquent look on this day of transparency, but could not construe it. He turned into the inn-yard.

Marty, following the same track, marched promptly to the hairdresser's, Mr. Percombe's. Percombe was the chief of his trade in Sherton-Abbas. He had the patronage of such county offshoots as had been obliged to seek the shelter of small houses in that ancient town, of the local clergy, and so on; for some of whom he had made

wigs, while others among them had compensated for neglecting him in their lifetime by patronising him when they were dead, and letting him shave their corpses. On the strength of all this he had taken down his pole, and called himself "Perruquier to the aristocracy."

Nevertheless this sort of support did not quite fill his children's mouths, and they had to be filled. So behind his house there was a little yard, reached by a passage from the back street, and in that yard was a pole, and under the pole a shop of quite another description than the ornamental one in the front street. Here on Saturday nights from seven till ten he took an almost innumerable succession of twopences from the farm-labourers who flocked thither in crowds from the country. And thus he lived.

Marty, of course, went to the front shop, and handed her packet to him silently. "Thank you," said the barber quite joyfully. "I hardly expected it after what you said last night."

She turned aside, while a tear welled up and stood in each eye at this reminder.

"Nothing of what I told you," he whispered, there being others in the shop. "But I can trust you, I see."

She had now reached the end of this distressing business; and went listlessly along the street to attend to other errands. These occupied her till four o'clock, at which time she re-crossed the market-place. It was impossible to avoid re-discovering Winterborne every time she passed that way, for standing, as he always did at this season of the year, with his specimen apple-tree in the midst, the boughs rose above the heads of the farmers, and brought a delightful suggestion of orchards among the crowded buildings there. When her eye fell upon him for the last time he was standing somewhat apart, holding the tree like an ensign, and looking on the ground instead of pushing his

produce as he ought to have been doing. He was, in fact, not a very successful seller either of his trees or of his cider, his habit of speaking his mind when he spoke at all militating against this branch of his business.

While she regarded him he suddenly lifted his eyes in a direction away from Marty, his face simultaneously kindling with recognition and surprise. She followed his gaze, and saw walking across to him a flexible young creature in whom she perceived the features of her she had known as Miss Grace Melbury, but now looking glorified and refined above her former level. Winterborne, being fixed to the spot by his apple-tree, could not advance to meet her : he held out his spare hand with his hat in it, and with some embarrassment beheld her coming on tip-toe through the mud to the middle of the square where he stood.

Miss Melbury's arrival so early was, as Marty could see, unexpected by Giles, which accounted for his not being ready to receive her. Indeed her father had named five o'clock as her probable time, for which reason that hour had been looming out all the day in his forward perspective, like an important edifice on a plain. Now here she was come, he knew not how, and his arranged welcome stultified.

His face became gloomy at her necessity for stepping into the road, and more still at the little look of embarrassment which appeared on hers at having to perform the meeting with him under an apple-tree ten feet high in the middle of the market-place. Having had occasion to take off the new gloves she had bought to come home in, she held out to him a hand graduating from pink at the tips of the fingers to white at the palm ; and the reception formed a scene, with the tree over their heads, which was not by any means an ordinary one in Sherton-Abbas streets.

Nevertheless the greeting on her looks and lips was of a restrained type,

which perhaps was not unnatural. For true it was that Giles Winterborne, well-attired and well-mannered as he was for a yeoman, looked rough beside her. It had sometimes dimly occurred to him, in his ruminating silence at Little Hintock, that external phenomena — such as the lowness or height or colour of a hat, the fold of a coat, the make of a boot, or the chance attitude or occupation of a limb at the instant of view — may have a great influence upon feminine opinion of a man's worth, so frequently founded on non-essentials ; but a certain causticity of mental tone towards himself and the world in general had prevented to-day, as always, any enthusiastic action on the strength of that reflection ; and her momentary instinct of reserve at first sight of him was the penalty he paid for his laxness.

He gave away the tree to a bystander, as soon as he could find one who would accept the cumbersome gift, and the twain moved on towards the inn at which he had put up. Marty made as if to step forward for the pleasure of being recognised by Miss Melbury ; but abruptly checking herself she glided behind a carrier's van, saying dryly, "No ; I baint wanted there ;" and critically regarded Winterborne's companion.

It would have been very difficult to describe Grace Melbury with precision, either then or at any time. Nay, from the highest point of view, to precisely describe a human being, the focus of a universe, how impossible ! But, apart from transcendentalism, there never probably lived a person who was in herself more completely a *reductio ad absurdum* of attempts to appraise a woman, even externally, by items of face and figure. Speaking generally, it may be said that she was sometimes beautiful, at other times not beautiful, according to the state of her health and spirits.

In simple corporeal presentment she was of a fair and clear complexion, rather pale than pink, slim in build

and elastic in movement. Her look expressed a tendency to wait for others' thoughts before uttering her own : possibly also to wait for others' deeds before her own doing. In her small, delicate mouth, which had perhaps hardly settled down to its matured curves, there was a gentleness that might hinder sufficient self-assertion for her own good. She had well-formed eyebrows which, had her portrait been painted, would probably have been done in Prout's or Vandyke brown.

There was nothing remarkable in her dress just now, beyond a natural fitness and a style that was recent for the streets of Sherton. But indeed, had it been the reverse, and quite striking, it would have meant just as little. For there can be hardly anything less connected with a woman's personality than drapery which she has neither designed, manufactured, cut, sewed, nor even seen except by a glance of approval when told that such and such a shape and colour must be had because it has been decided by others as imperative at that particular time.

What people therefore saw of her in a cursory view was very little ; in truth, mainly something that was not she. The woman herself was a shadowy conjectural creature who had little to do with the outlines presented to Sherton eyes : a shape in the gloom, whose true description could only be approximated by putting together a movement now and a glance then, in that patient and long-continued attentiveness which nothing but watchful loving-kindness ever troubles to give.

There was a little delay in their setting out from the town, and Marty South took advantage of it to hasten forward, with the view of escaping them on the way, lest they should feel compelled to spoil their *tête-à-tête* by asking her to ride. She walked fast, and one-third of the journey was done, and the evening rapidly darkening, before she perceived any sign of them behind her. Then, while ascend-

ing a hill, she dimly saw their vehicle drawing near the lowest part of the incline, their heads slightly bent towards each other ; drawn together, no doubt, by their souls ; as the heads of a pair of horses well in hand are drawn in by the rein. She walked still faster.

But between these and herself there was a carriage, apparently a brougham, coming in the same direction, with lighted lamps. When it overtook her—which was not soon on account of her pace—the scene was much darker, and the lights glared in her eyes sufficient to hide the details of the equipage.

It occurred to Marty that she might take hold behind this carriage and so keep along with it, to save herself the mortification of being overtaken and picked up for pity's sake by the coming pair. Accordingly, as the carriage drew abreast of her in climbing the long ascent, she walked close to the wheels, the rays of the nearest lamp penetrating her very pores. She had only just dropped behind when the carriage stopped, and to her surprise the coachman asked her, over his shoulder, if she would ride. What made the question more surprising was that it came in obedience to an order from the interior of the vehicle.

Marty gladly assented, for she was weary, very weary, after working all night and keeping afoot all day. She mounted beside the coachman, wondering why this good fortune had happened to her. He was rather a great man in aspect, and she did not like to inquire of him for some time.

At last she said, "Who has been so kind as to ask me to ride?"

"Mrs. Charmond," replied her statuque companion.

Marty was stirred at the name, so closely connected with her last night's experiences. "Is this her carriage?" she whispered.

"Yes; she's inside."

Marty reflected, and perceived that Mrs. Charmond must have recognised her plodding up the hill under the

blaze of the lamp; recognised, probably, her stubby poll (since she had kept away her face), and thought that those stubbles were the result of her own desire.

Marty South was not so very far wrong. Inside the carriage a pair of bright eyes looked from a ripe handsome face, and though behind those bright eyes was a mind of unfathomed mysteries, beneath them there beat a heart capable of quick extempore warmth—a heart which could indeed be passionately and imprudently warm on certain occasions. At present, after recognising the girl, she had acted on a mere impulse, possibly feeling gratified at the denuded appearance which signified the success of her agent in obtaining what she had required.

"Tis wonderful that she should ask ye," observed the magisterial coachman presently. "I have never known her do it before, for as a rule she takes no interest in the village folk at all."

Marty said no more, but occasionally turned her head to see if she could get a glimpse of the Olympian creature who, as the coachman had truly observed, hardly ever descended from her clouds into the Tempe of the parishioners. But she could discern nothing of the lady. She also looked for Miss Melbury and Winterborne. The nose of their horse sometimes came quite near the back of Mrs. Charmond's carriage. But they never attempted to pass it till the latter conveyance turned towards the park gate, when they sped by. Here the carriage drew up that the gate might be opened; and in the momentary silence Marty heard a gentle oral sound, soft as a breeze.

"What's that?" she whispered.

"Mis'ess yawning."

"Why should she yawn?"

"Oh, because she's been used to such wonderfully good life, and finds it dull here. She'll soon be off again on account of it."

"So rich and so powerful, and yet to yawn!" the girl murmured. "Then

things don't fay with she any more than with we!"

Marty now alighted; the lamp again shone upon her, and as the carriage rolled on, a soft voice said to her from the interior, "Good night."

"Good night, Ma'am," said Marty. But she had not been able to see the woman who began so greatly to interest her—the second person of her own sex who had operated strongly on her mind that day.

#### CHAPTER VI.

MEANWHILE, Winterborne and Grace Melbury had also undergone their little experiences of the same homeward journey.

As he drove off with her out of the town the glances of people fell upon them, the younger thinking that Mr. Winterborne was in a pleasant place, and wondering in what relation he stood towards her. Winterborne himself was unconscious of this. Occupied solely with the idea of having her in charge, he did not notice much with outward eye, neither observing how she was dressed nor the effect of the picture they together composed in the landscape.

Their conversation was in briefest phrase for some time, Grace being somewhat disconcerted, through not having understood till they were about to start that Giles was to be her sole conductor, in place of her father. When they were in the open country he spoke.

"Don't Brownley's farm-buildings look strange to you now they have been moved bodily from the hollow where the old ones stood to the top of the hill?"

She admitted that they did, though she should not have seen any difference in them if he had not pointed it out.

"They had a good crop of bittersweets, they couldn't grind them all,"—nodding towards an orchard where some heaps of apples had been left lying ever since the ingathering.

She said "Yes," but looking at another orchard.

"Why, you are looking at John-apple-trees! You know bitter-sweets—you used to well enough?"

"I am afraid I have forgotten, and it is getting too dark to distinguish."

Winterborne did not continue. It seemed as if the knowledge and interests which had formerly moved Grace's mind had quite died away from her. He wondered whether the special attributes of his image in the past had evaporated like these other things.

However that might be, the fact at present was merely this, that where he was seeing John-apples and farm-buildings she was beholding a far remoter scene—a scene no less innocent and simple, indeed, but much contrasting, a broad lawn in the fashionable suburb of a fast city, the evergreen leaves shining in the evening sun, amid which bounding girls, gracefully clad in artistic arrangements of blue, brown, red, black, and white, were playing at games, with laughter and chat, in all the pride of life, the notes of piano and harp trembling in the air from the open windows adjoining. Moreover they were girls—and this was a fact which Grace Melbury's delicate femininity could not lose sight of—whose parents Giles would have addressed with a deferential Sir or Madam. Beside this visioned scene the homely farmsteads did not quite hold their own from her present twenty-year point of survey. For all his woodland sequestration Giles knew the primitive simplicity of the subject he had started, and now sounded a deeper note.

"Twas very odd what we said to each other years ago, I often think of it. I mean our saying that if we still liked each other when you were twenty and I twenty-five, we'd——"

"It was child's tattle."

"H'm!" said Giles suddenly.

"I mean we were young," said she more considerately. That gruff manner of his in making inquiries reminded her that he was unaltered in much.

"Yes . . . I beg your pardon, Miss Melbury; your father sent me to meet you to-day."

"I know it, and I am glad of it."

He seemed satisfied with her tone, and went on, "At that time you were sitting beside me at the back of your father's covered car, when we were coming home from gipsying, all the party being squeezed in together as tight as sheep in an auction-pen. It got darker and darker, and I said—I forget the exact words—but I put my arm round your waist, and there you let it stay till your father, sitting in front, suddenly stopped telling his story to Farmer Bollen, to light his pipe. The flash shone into the car, and showed us all up distinctly; my arm flew from your waist like lightning; yet not so quickly but that some of 'em had seen, and laughed at us. Yet your father, to our amazement, instead of being angry, was mild as milk, and seemed quite pleased. Have you forgot all that, or haven't you?"

She owned that she remembered it very well, now that he mentioned the circumstances. "But goodness, I must have been in short frocks," she said.

"Come now, Miss Melbury, that won't do! Short frocks indeed! You know better as well as I."

Grace thereupon declared that she would not argue with an old friend she valued so highly as she valued him, saying the words with the easy elusiveness that will be polite at all costs. It might possibly be true, she added, that she was getting on in girlhood when that event took place; but if it were so, then she was virtually no less than an old woman now, so far did the time seem removed from her present. "Do you ever look at things philosophically instead of personally?" she asked.

"I can't say that I do," answered Giles, his eyes lingering far ahead upon a dark spot, which proved to be a brougham.

"I think you may sometimes with advantage," said she. "Look at yourself as a pitcher drifting on the stream with other pitchers, and consider what contrivances are most desirable for avoiding cracks in

general, and not only for saving your poor one. Shall I tell you all about Bath or Cheltenham, or places on the Continent that I visited last summer?"

"With all my heart."

She then described places and persons in such terms as might have been used for that purpose by any woman to any man within the four seas, so entirely absent from that description was everything specially appertaining to her own existence. When she had done she said gaily, "Now do you tell me in return what has happened in Hintock since I have been away."

"Anything to keep the conversation away from her and me," said Giles within him.

It was true cultivation had so far advanced in the soil of Miss Melbury's mind as to lead her to talk by rote of anything save of that she knew well, and had the greatest interest in developing—that is to say, herself.

He had not proceeded far with his somewhat bald narration when they drew near the carriage that had been preceding them for some time. Miss Melbury inquired if he knew whose carriage it was.

Winterborne, although he had seen it, had not taken it into account. On examination he said it was Mrs. Charmond's.

Grace watched the vehicle and its easy roll, and seemed to feel more nearly akin to it than to the one she was in.

"Pooh—We can polish off the mileage as well as they, come to that," said Winterborne reading her mind; and rising to emulation at what it bespoke he whipped on the horse. This it was which had brought the nose of Mr. Melbury's old grey close to the back of Mrs. Charmond's much eclipsing vehicle.

"There's Marty South sitting up with the coachman," said he, discerning her by her dress.

"Ah, poor Marty! I must ask her to come to see me this very evening. How does she happen to be riding there?"

"I don't know. It is very singular."

Thus these people with converging destinies went along the road together, till Winterborne, leaving the track of the carriage, turned into Little Hintock, where almost the first house was the timber-merchant's. Pencils of dancing light streamed out of the windows sufficiently to show the white laurestinus flowers, and glance over the polished leaves of laurel. The interior of the rooms could be seen distinctly, warmed up by the fire-flames, which in the parlour were reflected from the glass of the pictures and book-case, and in the kitchen from the utensils and ware.

"Let us look at the dear place for a moment before we call them," she said.

In the kitchen dinner was preparing; for though Melbury dined at one o'clock at other times, to-day the meal had been kept back for Grace. A rickety old spit was in motion, its end being fixed in the fire-dog, and the whole kept going by means of a cord conveyed over pulleys along the ceiling to a large stone suspended in a corner of the room. Old Grammer Oliver came and wound it up with a rattle like that of a mill.

In the parlour a large shade of Mrs. Melbury's head fell on the wall and ceiling; but before the girl had regarded this room many moments their presence was discovered, and her father and stepmother came out to welcome her.

The character of the Melbury family was of that kind which evinces some shyness in showing strong emotion among each other; a trait frequent in rural households, and one which stands in curiously inverse relation to most of the peculiarities distinguishing villagers from the people of towns. Thus hiding their warmer feelings under commonplace talk all round, Grace's reception produced no extraordinary demonstrations. But that more was felt than was enacted appeared from the fact that her father, in taking her indoors, quite forgot the presence of Giles

without, as did also Grace herself. He said nothing; but took the gig round to the yard and called out from the spar-house the man who particularly attended to these matters, when there was no conversation to draw him off among the copse-workers inside. Winterborne then returned to the door with the intention of entering the house.

The family had gone into the parlour, and were still absorbed in themselves. The fire was as before the only light, and it irradiated Grace's face and hands so as to make them look wondrously smooth and fair beside those of the two elders; shining also through the loose hair about her temples as sunlight through a brake. Her father was surveying her in a dazed conjecture, so much had she developed and progressed in manner and stature since he last had set eyes on her.

Observing these things Winterborne remained dubious by the door, mechanically tracing with his fingers certain time-worn letters carved in the jambs, —initials of bygone generations of householders who had lived and died there.

No, he declared to himself, he would not enter and join the family; they had forgotten him, and it was enough for to-day that he had brought her home. Still, he was a little surprised that her father's eagerness to send him for Grace should have resulted in such an anti-climax as this.

He walked softly away into the lane towards his own house, looking back when he reached the turning, from which he could get a last glimpse of the timber-merchant's roof. He hazarded guesses as to what Grace was saying just at that moment, and murmured with some self-derision, "nothing about me!" He looked also in the other direction, and saw against the sky the thatched hip and solitary chimney of Marty's cottage, and thought of her too, struggling bravely along under that humble shelter, among her spar-gads and pots and skimmers.

At the timber-merchant's, in the meantime, the conversation flowed; and as Giles Winterborne had rightly enough deemed, on subjects in which he had no share. Among the excluding matters there was, for one, the effect upon Mr. Melbury of the womanly mien and manners of his daughter, which took him so much unawares that, though it did not make him absolutely forget the existence of her conductor homeward, it thrust Giles's image back into quite the obscurest cellarage of his brain.

Another was his interview with Mrs. Charmond's agent that morning, at which the lady herself had been present for a few minutes. Melbury had purchased some standing timber from her a long time before, and now that the date had come for felling it he was left to pursue almost his own course. This was what the household were actually talking of during Giles's cogitation without; and Melbury's satisfaction with the clear atmosphere that had arisen between himself and the deity of the groves which inclosed his residence, was the cause of a counter-balancing mistiness on the side towards Winterborne.

"So thoroughly does she trust me," said Melbury, "that I might fell, top, or lop, on my own judgment, any stick o' timber whatever in her wood, and fix the price o't, and settle the matter. But name it all, I wouldn't do such a thing. However, it may be useful to have this good understanding with her. . . . I wish she took more interest in the place, and stayed here all the year round."

"I am afraid 'tis not her regard for you, but her dislike of Hintock, that makes her so easy about the trees," said Mrs. Melbury.

When dinner was over, Grace took a candle and began to ramble pleasantly through the rooms of her old home, from which she had latterly become well-nigh an alien. Each nook and each object revived a memory, and simultaneously modified it. The chambers seemed lower than they had appeared on any previous occasion of

her return, the surfaces of both walls and ceilings standing in such relations to the eye that it could not avoid taking microscopic note of their irregularities and old fashion. Her own bedroom wore at once a look more familiar than when she had left it, and yet a face estranged. The world of little things therein gazed at her in helpless stationariness, as though they had tried and been unable to make any progress without her presence. Over the place where her candle had been accustomed to stand, when she had used to read in bed till the midnight hour, there was still the brown spot of smoke. She did not know that her father had taken especial care to keep it from being cleaned off.

Having concluded her perambulation of this now uselessly commodious edifice, Grace began to feel that she had come a long journey since the morning; and when her father had been up himself, as well as his wife, to see that her room was comfortable and the fire burning, she prepared to retire for the night. No sooner, however, was she in bed than her momentary sleepiness took itself off, and she wished she had stayed up longer. She amused herself by listening to the old familiar noises that she could hear to be still going on down stairs, and by looking towards the window as she lay. The blind had been drawn up, as she used to have it when a girl, and she could just discern the dim tree-tops against the sky on the neighbouring hill. Beneath this meeting-line of light and shade nothing was visible save one solitary point of light, which blinked as the tree-twigs waved to and fro before its beams. From its position it seemed to radiate from the window of a house on the hill-side. The house had been empty when she was last at home, and she wondered who inhabited the place now.

Her conjectures, however, were not intently carried on, and she was watching the light quite idly, when it gradually changed colour, and at length shone blue as sapphire. Thus

it remained several minutes, and then it passed through violet to red.

Her curiosity was so widely awakened by the phenomenon that she sat up in bed, and stared steadily at the shine. An appearance of this sort, sufficient to excite attention anywhere, was no less than a marvel in Hintock, as Grace had known the hamlet. Almost every diurnal and nocturnal effect in that woodland place had hitherto been the direct result of the regular terrestrial roll which produced the season's changes; but here was something dissociated from these normal sequences, and foreign to local habit and knowledge.

It was about this moment that Grace heard the household below preparing to retire, the most emphatic noise in the proceeding being that of her father bolting the doors. Then the stairs creaked, and her father and mother passed her chamber. The last to come was Grammer Oliver.

Grace slid out of bed, ran across the room, and lifting the latch said, "I am not asleep, Grammer. Come in and talk to me."

Before the old woman had entered Grace was again under the bedclothes. Grammer set down her candlestick, and seated herself on the edge of Miss Melbury's coverlet.

"I want you to tell me what light that is I see on the hill-side," said Grace.

Mrs. Oliver looked across. "Oh, that," she said, "is from the doctor's. He's often doing things of that sort. Perhaps you don't know that we've a doctor living here now—Mr. Fitzpiers by name?"

Grace admitted that she had not heard of him.

"Well then, miss, he's come here to get up a practice. I know him very well, through going there to help 'em scrub sometimes, which your father said I might do if I wanted to in my spare time. Being a bachelor-man he've only a lad in the house. Oh, yes, I know him very well. Sometimes he'll talk to me as if I were his own mother."

"Indeed."

"Yes. 'Grammer,' he said one day when I asked him why he came here where there's hardly anybody living, 'I'll tell you why I came here. I took a map, and I marked on it where Dr. Jones's practice ends to the north of this district, and where Mr. Taylor's ends on the south, and little Jimmy Green's on the east, and somebody else's to the west. Then I took a pair of compasses, and found the exact middle of the country that was left between these bounds, and that middle was Little Hintock; so here I am. . . . But, Lord, there: poor young man!"

"Why?"

"He said, 'Grammer Oliver, I've been here three months, and although there are a good many people in the Hintocks and the villages round, and a scattered practice is often a very good one, I don't seem to get many patients. And there's no society at all; and I'm pretty near melancholy mad,' he said, with a great yawn. 'I should be quite if it were not for my books, and my lab—laboratory, and what not. Grammer, I was made for higher things.' And then he'd yawn and yawn again."

"Was he really made for higher things, do you think? I mean, is he clever?"

"Well, no. How can he be clever? He may be able to jine up a broken man or woman after a fashion, and put his finger upon an ache if you tell him nearly where 'tis; but these young men—they should live to my time of life, and then they'd see how clever they were at five-and-twenty! And yet he's a projick, a real projick, and says the oddest of rozums. 'Ah, Grammer,' he said at another time, 'Let me tell you that Everything is Nothing. There's only Me and Not Me in the whole world.' And he told me that no man's hands could help what they did, any more than the hands of a clock. . . . Yes, he's a man of strange meditations, and his eyes seem to see as far as the north star."

"He will soon go away, no doubt."

"I don't think so." Grace did not say "Why?" and Grammer hesitated. At last she went on, "Don't tell your father or mother, miss, if I let you know a secret?"

Grace gave the required promise.

"Well, he talks of buying me; so he won't go away just yet."

"Buying you—how?"

"Not my soul—my body, when I'm dead. One day when I was there cleaning, he said, 'Grammer, you've a large brain—a very large organ of brain,' he said. 'A woman's is usually four ounces less than a man's; but yours is man's size.' Well, then—he, hee!—after he'd flattered me a bit like that, he said he'd give me ten pounds to have me as a natomy after my death. Well, knowing I'd no chick nor chiel left, and nobody with any interest in me, I thought, faith, if I can be of any use to my fellow-creatures after I'm gone they are welcome to my services; so I said I'd think it over, and would most likely agree and take the ten pounds. Now this is a secret, miss, between us two. The money would be very useful to me; and I see no harm in it."

"Of course there's no harm. But oh, Grammer—how can you think to do it! I wish you hadn't told me."

"I wish I hadn't—if you don't like to know it, miss. But you needn't mind. Lord, hee, hee! I shall keep him waiting many a year yet, bless ye!"

"I hope you will, I am sure."

The girl thereupon fell into such deep reflection that conversation languished, and Grammer Oliver taking her candle wished Miss Melbury good-night. The latter's eyes rested on the distant glimmer, around which she allowed her reasoning fancy to play in vague eddies that shaped the doings of the philosopher behind that light on the lines of intelligence just received. It was strange to her to come back from the world to Little Hintock and find in one of its nooks, like a tropical plant in a hedgerow, a nucleus of advanced ideas and practices which had nothing in common with the life

around. Chemical experiments, anatomical projects, and metaphysical conceptions had found a strange home here.

Thus she remained thinking, the imagined pursuits of the man behind the light intermingling with conjectural sketches of his personality ; till her eyes fell together with their own heaviness, and she slept.

#### CHAPTER VII.

KALEIDOSCOPIC dreams of a weird alchemist-surgeon, Grammer Oliver's skeleton, and the face of Giles Winterborne, brought Grace Melbury to the morning of the next day. It was fine. A north wind was blowing—that not unacceptable compromise between the atmospheric cutlery of the eastern blast and the spongy gales of the west quarter. She looked from her window in the direction of the light of the previous evening, and could just discern through the trees the shape of the surgeon's house. Somehow, in the broad, practical daylight, that unknown and lonely gentleman seemed to be shorn of much of the interest which had invested his personality and pursuits in the hours of darkness, and as Grace's dressing proceeded he faded from her mind.

Meanwhile Winterborne, though half-assured of her father's favour, was rendered a little restless by Miss Melbury's behaviour. Despite his dry self-control, he could not help looking continually from his own door towards the timber-merchant's, in the probability of somebody's emergence therefrom. His attention was at length justified by the appearance of two figures, that of Mr. Melbury himself, and Grace beside him. They stepped out in a direction towards the densest quarter of the wood, and Winterborne walked contemplatively behind them, till all three were soon under the trees.

Although the time of bare boughs had now set in, there were sheltered hollows amid the Hintock plantations and copses in which a more tardy

leave-taking than on windy summits was the rule with the foliage. This caused here and there an apparent mixture of the seasons ; so that in some of the dells that they passed by holly-berries in full red were found growing beside oak and hazel whose leaves were as yet not far removed from green, and brambles whose verdure was rich and deep as in the month of August. To Grace these well-known peculiarities were as an old painting restored.

Now could be beheld that change from the handsome to the curious which the features of a wood undergo at the ingress of the winter months. Angles were taking the place of curves, and reticulations of surfaces—a change constituting a sudden lapse from the ornate to the primitive on Nature's canvas, and comparable to a retrogressive step from the art of an advanced school of painting to that of the Pacific Islander.

Winterborne followed, and kept his eye upon the two figures as they threaded their way through these sylvan phenomena. Mr. Melbury's long legs, and gaiters drawn in to the bone at the ankles, his slight stoop, his habit of getting lost in thought and arousing himself with an exclamation of "Hah!" accompanied with an upward jerk of the head, composed a personage recognisable by his neighbours as far as he could be seen. It seemed as if the squirrels and birds knew him. One of the former would occasionally run from the path to hide behind the arm of some tree, which the little animal carefully edged round *pari passu* with Melbury and his daughter's movement onward, assuming a mock manner, as though he were saying, "Ho, ho; you are only a timber-merchant, and carry no gun!"

They went noiselessly over mats of starry moss, rustled through interspersed tracts of leaves, skirted trunks with spreading roots, whose mossed rinds made them like hands wearing green gloves; elbowed old elms and ashes with great forks, in which stood

pools of water that overflowed on rainy days, and ran down their stems in green cascades. On older trees still than these huge lobes of fungi grew like lungs. Here, as everywhere, the Unfulfilled Intention, which makes life what it is, was as obvious as it could be among the depraved crowds of a city slum. The leaf was deformed, the curve was crippled, the taper was interrupted; the lichen ate the vigour of the stalk, and the ivy slowly strangled to death the promising sapling.

They dived amid beeches under which nothing grew, the younger boughs still retaining their hectic leaves, that rustled in the breeze with a sound almost metallic, like the sheet-iron foliage of the fabled Jarnvid wood. Some flecks of white in Grace's drapery had enabled Giles to keep her and her father in view till this time; but now he lost sight of them, and was obliged to follow by ear—no difficult matter, for on the line of their course every wood-pigeon rose from its perch with a continued clash, dashing its wings against the branches with well-nigh force enough to break every quill. By taking the track of this noise he soon came to a stile.

Was it worth while to go further? He examined the doughy soil at the foot of the stile, and saw amongst the large sole-and-heel tracks an impression of a slighter kind from a boot that was obviously not local, for Winterborne knew all the cobblers' patterns in that district, because they were very few to know. The mud-picture was enough to make him swing himself over and proceed.

The character of the woodland now changed. The bases of the smaller trees were nibbled bare by rabbits, and at divers points heaps of fresh-made chips, and the newly-cut stool of a tree, stared white through the undergrowth. There had been a large fall of timber this year, which explained the meaning of some sounds that soon reached him.

A voice was shouting intermittently

in a sort of human bark, which reminded Giles that there was a sale of trees and faggots that very day. Melbury would naturally be present. Thereupon Winterborne remembered that he himself wanted a few faggots, and entered upon the scene.

A large group of buyers stood round the auctioneer, or followed him when, between his pauses, he wandered on from one lot of plantation produce to another, like some philosopher of the Peripatetic school delivering his lectures in the shady groves of the Lyceum. His companions were timber-dealers, yeomen, farmers, villagers, and others; mostly woodland men, who on that account could afford to be curious in their walking-sticks, which consequently exhibited various monstrosities of vegetation, the chief being corkscrew shapes in black and white thorn, brought to that pattern by the slow torture of an encircling woodbine during their growth, as the Chinese have been said to mould human beings into grotesque toys by continued compression in infancy. Two women, wearing men's jackets on their gowns, conducted in the rear of the halting procession a pony-cart containing a tapped barrel of beer, from which they drew and replenished horns that were handed round, with bread and cheese from a basket.

The auctioneer adjusted himself to circumstances by using his walking-stick as a hammer, and knocked down the lot on any convenient object that took his fancy, such as the crown of a little boy's head, or the shoulders of a bystander who had no business there except to taste the brew; a proceeding which would have been deemed humorous but for the air of stern rigidity which the auctioneer's face preserved, tending to show that the eccentricity was a result of that absence of mind which is engendered by the press of affairs, and no freak of fancy at all.

Mr. Melbury stood slightly apart from the rest of the Peripatetics, and Grace beside him, clinging closely to his arm; her modern attire looking

almost odd where everything else was old-fashioned, and throwing over the familiar garniture of the trees a homeliness that seemed to demand improvement by the addition of a few contemporary novelties also. Grace seemed to regard the selling with the interest which attaches to memories revived after an interval of obliviousness.

Winterborne went and stood close to them ; the timber-merchant spoke, and continued his buying ; Grace merely smiled. To justify his presence there Winterborne began bidding for timber and faggots that he did not want, pursuing the occupation in an abstracted mood, in which the auctioneer's voice seemed to become one of the natural sounds of the woodland. A few flakes of snow descended, at the sight of which a robin, alarmed at these signs of imminent winter, and seeing that no offence was meant by the human invasion, came and perched on the tip of the faggots that were being sold, and looked into the auctioneer's face, whilst waiting for some chance crumb from the bread-basket. Standing a little behind Grace, Winterborne observed how one flake would sail downward and settle on a curl of her hair, and how another would choose her shoulder, and another the edge of her bonnet, which took up so much of his attention that his biddings proceeded incoherently ; and when the auctioneer said every now and then, with a nod towards him, "Yours, Mr. Winterborne," he had no idea whether he had bought faggots, poles, or logs.

He regretted, with some causticity of humour, that her father should show such inequalities of temperament as to keep Grace tightly on his arm to-day, when he had quite lately seemed anxious to recognise their betrothal as a fact. And thus musing, and joining in no conversation with other buyers except when directly addressed, he followed the assemblage hither and thither till the end of the auction, when Giles for the first time

realised what his purchases had been. Hundreds of faggots, and divers lots of timber, had been set down to him, when all he had required had been a few bundles of spray for his odd man Robert Creedle's use in baking and lighting fires.

Business being over, he turned to speak to the timber-merchant. But Melbury's manner was short and distant ; and Grace too looked vexed and reproachful. Winterborne then discovered that he had been unwittingly bidding against her father, and picking up his favourite lots in spite of him. With a very few words they left the spot, and pursued their way homeward.

Giles was extremely sorry at what he had done, and remained standing under the trees, all the other men having strayed silently away. He saw Melbury and his daughter pass down a glade without looking back. While they moved slowly through it a lady appeared on horseback in the middle distance, the line of her progress converging upon that of Melbury's. They met, Melbury took off his hat, and she reined in her horse. A conversation was evidently in progress between Grace and her father and this equestrian, in whom he was almost sure that he recognised Mrs. Charmond, less by her outline than by the livery of the groom who had halted some yards off.

The interlocutors did not part till after a prolonged pause, during which much seemed to be said. When Melbury and Grace resumed their walk it was with something of a lighter tread than before.

Winterborne then pursued his own course homeward. He was unwilling to let coldness grow up between himself and the Melburys for any trivial reason, and in the evening he went to their house. On drawing near the gate his attention was attracted by the sight of one of the bedrooms blinking into a state of illumination. In it stood Grace lighting several candles, her right hand elevating the taper, her left hand on her bosom,

her face thoughtfully fixed on each wick as it kindled, as if she saw in every flame's growth the rise of a life to maturity. He wondered what such unusual brilliancy could mean to-night. On getting indoors he found her father and stepmother in a state of suppressed excitement, which at first he could not comprehend.

"I am sorry about my biddings to-day," said Giles. "I don't know what I was doing. I have come to say that any of the lots you may require are yours."

"Oh, never mind—never mind," replied the timber-merchant with a slight wave of his hand. "I have so much else to think of that I nearly had forgot it. Just now, too, there are matters of a different kind from trade to attend to, so don't let it concern ye."

As the timber-merchant spoke, as it were, down to him from a higher moral plane than his own, Giles turned to Mrs. Melbury.

"Grace is going to the House tomorrow," she said quietly. "She is looking out her things now. I dare say she is wanting me this minute to assist her." Thereupon Mrs. Melbury left the room.

Nothing is more remarkable than the independent personality of the tongue now and then. Mr. Melbury knew that his words had been a sort of boast. He decried boasting, particularly to Giles; yet whenever the subject was Grace, his judgment resigned the ministry of speech in spite of him.

Winterborne felt surprise, pleasure, and also a little apprehension at the news. He repeated Mrs. Melbury's words.

"Yes," said paternal pride, not sorry to have dragged out of him what he could not in any circumstances have kept in. "Coming home from the woods this afternoon we met Mrs. Charmond out for a ride. She spoke to me on a little matter of business, and then got acquainted with Grace. 'Twas wonderful how she took to Grace in a few minutes;

that freemasonry of education made 'em close at once. Naturally enough she was amazed that such an article —ha, ha!—could come out of my house. At last it led on to Mis'ess Grace being asked to the House. So she's busy hunting up her frills and furbelows to go in." As Giles remained in thought without responding, Melbury continued: "But I'll call her down stairs?"

"No, no; don't do that, since she's busy," said Winterborne.

Melbury, feeling from the young man's manner that his own talk had been too much at Giles and too little to him, repented at once. His face changed, and he said, in lower tones, with an effort: "She's yours, Giles, as far as I am concerned."

"Thanks—my best thanks. . . . But I think, since it is all right between us about the biddings, that I'll not interrupt her now. I'll step homeward, and call another time."

On leaving the house he looked up at the bedroom again. Grace, surrounded by a sufficient number of candles to answer all purposes of self-criticism, was standing before a cheval glass that her father had lately bought expressly for her use; she was bonneted, cloaked, and gloved, and glanced over her shoulder into the mirror, estimating her aspect. Her face was lit with the natural elation of a young girl hoping to inaugurate on the morrow an intimate acquaintance with a new, interesting, and powerful friend.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE inspiriting appointment which had led Grace Melbury to indulge in a six candle illumination for the arrangement of her attire carried her over the ground the next morning with a springy tread. Her sense of being properly appreciated on her own native soil seemed to brighten the atmosphere and herbage around her, as the glow-worm's lamp irradiates the grass. Thus she moved along, a vessel of emotion, going to empty itself on she knew not what.

Twenty minutes walking through copses, over a stile, and along an upland lawn, brought her to the verge of a deep glen, at the bottom of which Hinton House appeared immediately beneath her eye. To describe it as standing in a hollow would not express the situation of the manor-house; it stood in a hole, though the hole was full of beauty. From the spot which Grace had reached a stone could easily have been thrown over or into the birds'-nested chimneys of the mansion. Its walls were surmounted by a battlemented parapet; but the grey lead roofs were quite visible behind it, with their gutters, laps, rolls, and skylights, together with incised letterings and shoe-patterns cut by idlers thereon.

The front of the house exhibited an ordinary manorial presentation of Elizabethan windows, mullioned and hooded, worked in rich snuff-coloured freestone from local quarries. The ashlar of the walls, where not overgrown with ivy and other creepers, was coated with lichen of every shade, intensifying its luxuriance with its nearness to the ground till, below the plinth, it merged in moss.

Above the house to the back was a dense plantation, the roots of whose trees were above the level of the chimneys. The corresponding high ground on which Grace stood was richly grassed, with only an old tree here and there. A few sheep lay about, which as they ruminated looked quietly into the bedroom windows. The situation of the house, prejudicial to humanity, was a stimulus to vegetation, on which account an endless shearing of the heavy-armed ivy was necessary, and a continual lopping of trees and shrubs. It was an edifice built in times when human constitutions were damp-proof, when shelter from the boisterous was all that men thought of in choosing a dwelling-place, the insidious being beneath their notice; and its hollow site was an ocular reminder by its unfitness for modern lives of the fragility to which these have declined. The

highest architectural cunning could have done nothing to make Hinton House dry and salubrious; and ruthless ignorance could have done little to make it unpicturesque. It was vegetable nature's own home; a spot to inspire the painter and poet of still life—if they did not suffer too much from the relaxing atmosphere—and to draw groans from the gregariously disposed. Grace descended the green escarpment by a zigzag path into the drive, which swept round beneath the slope. The exterior of the house had been familiar to her from her childhood but she had never been inside, and the approach to knowing an old thing in a new way was a lively experience. It was with a little flutter that she was shown in; but she recollects that Mrs. Charmond would probably be alone. Up to a few days before this time that lady had been accompanied in her comings, stayings, and goings by a relative, believed to be her aunt; latterly, however, these two ladies had separated, owing, it was supposed, to a quarrel; and Mrs. Charmond had been left desolate. Being presumably a woman who did not care for solitude, this deprivation might possibly account for her sudden interest in Grace.

Mrs. Charmond was at the end of a gallery opening from the hall when Miss Melbury was announced, and saw her through the glass doors between them. She came forward with a smile on her face, and told the young girl it was good of her to come.

"Ah! you have noticed those," she said, seeing that Grace's eyes were attracted by some curious objects against the walls. "They are man-traps. My husband was a connoisseur in man-traps and spring-guns and such articles, collecting them from all his neighbours. He knew the histories of all these—which gin had broken a man's leg, which gun had killed a man. That one, I remember his saying, had been set by a gamekeeper in the track of a notorious poacher; but the keeper, forgetting what he had done, went that way himself,

received the charge in the lower part of his body, and died of the wound. I don't like them here; but I've never yet given directions for them to be taken away." She added playfully, "Man-traps are of rather ominous significance where a person of our sex lives, are they not?"

Grace was bound to smile; but that side of womanliness was one which her inexperience had no great zest in contemplating.

"They are interesting, no doubt, as relics of a barbarous time happily past," she said, looking thoughtfully at the varied designs of these instruments of torture, some with semi-circular jaws, some with rectangular; most of them with long sharp teeth, but a few with none, so that their jaws looked like the blank gums of old age.

"Well, we must not take them too seriously," said Mrs. Charmond with an indolent turn of her head, and they moved on inwards. When she had shown her visitor different articles in cabinets that she deemed likely to interest her, some tapestries, wood carvings, ivories, miniatures, and so on—always with a mien of listlessness which might either have been constitutional, or partly owing to the situation of the place—they sat down to an early cup of tea.

"Will you pour it out, please? Do," she said, leaning back in her chair, and placing her hand above her forehead, while her almond eyes—those long eyes so common to the angelic legions of early Italian art—became longer, and her voice more languishing. She showed that oblique-mannered softness which is perhaps most frequent in women of darker complexion and more lymphatic temperament than Mrs. Charmond's was; women who lingeringly smile their meanings to men rather than speak them, who inveigle rather than prompt, and take advantage of currents rather than steer.

"I am the most inactive woman when I am here," she said. "I think sometimes I was born to live and do

nothing, nothing, nothing but float about, as we fancy we do sometimes in dreams. But that cannot be really my destiny, and I must struggle against such fancies."

"I am so sorry you do not enjoy exertion—it is quite sad! I wish I could tend you and make you very happy."

There was something so sympathetic, so appreciative, in the sound of Grace's voice, that it impelled people to play havoc with their customary reservations in talking to her. "It is tender and kind of you to feel that," said Mrs. Charmond. "Perhaps I have given you the notion that my languor is more than it really is. But this place oppresses me, and I have a plan of going abroad a good deal. I used to go with a relative, but that arrangement has dropped through." Regarding Grace with a final glance of criticism she seemed to make up her mind to consider the young girl satisfactory, and continued: "Now I am often impelled to record my impressions of times and places. I have often thought of writing a 'New Sentimental Journey.' But I cannot find energy enough to do it alone. When I am at different places in the south of Europe I feel a crowd of ideas and fancies thronging upon me continually; but to unfold writing materials, take up a cold steel pen, and put these impressions down systematically on cold smooth paper—that I cannot do. So I have thought that if I always could have somebody at my elbow with whom I am in sympathy, I might dictate any ideas that come into my head. And directly I had made your acquaintance the other day it struck me that you would suit me so well. Would you like to undertake it? You might read to me, too, if desirable. Will you think it over, and ask your parents if they are willing?"

"Oh, yes," said Grace. "I am almost sure they would be very glad."

"You are so accomplished, I hear; I should be quite honoured by such intellectual company."

Grace, modestly blushing, deprecated any such idea.

"Do you keep up your lucubrations at Little Hintock?"

"Oh, no. Lucubrations are not unknown at Little Hintock; but they are not carried on by me."

"What—another student in that retreat?"

"There is a surgeon lately come, and I have heard that he reads a great deal—I see his light sometimes through the trees late at night."

"Oh, yes—a doctor—I believe I was told of him. It is a strange place for him to settle in."

"It is a convenient centre for a practice, they say. But he does not confine his studies to medicine, it seems. He investigates theology, and metaphysics, and all sorts of subjects."

"What is his name?"

"Fitzpiers. He represents a very old family, I believe, the Fitzpierses of Buckbury-Fitzpiers—not a great many miles from here."

"I am not sufficiently local to know the history of the family. I was never in the county till my husband brought me here." Mrs. Charmond did not care to pursue this line of investigation. Whatever mysterious merit might attach to family antiquity, it was one which, though she herself could claim it, her adaptable, wandering, *weltbürgerliche* nature had grown tired of caring about—a peculiarity that made her a contrast to her neighbours. "It is of rather more importance to know what the man is himself than what his family is," she said, "if he is going to practise upon us as a surgeon. Have you seen him?"

Grace had not. "I think he is not a very old man," she added.

"Has he a wife?"

"I am not aware that he has."

"Well, I hope he will be useful here. I must get to know him when I come back. It will be very convenient to have a medical man—if he is clever—in one's own parish. I get

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dreadfully nervous sometimes, living in such an outlandish place; and Sherton is so far to send to. No doubt you feel Hintock to be a great change after watering-place life."

"I do. But it is home. It has its advantages and its disadvantages." Grace was thinking less of the solitude than of the attendant circumstances.

They chatted on for some time, Grace being set quite at her ease by her entertainer. Mrs. Charmond was far too well-practised a woman not to know that to show a marked patronage to a sensitive young girl who would probably be very quick to discern it was to demolish her dignity rather than to establish it in that young girl's eyes. So being violently possessed with her idea of making use of this gentle acquaintance, ready and waiting at her own door, she took great pains to win her confidence at starting.

Just before Grace's departure the two chanced to pause before a mirror which reflected their faces in immediate juxtaposition, so as to bring into prominence their resemblances and their contrasts. Both looked attractive as glassed back by the faithful reflector; but Grace's countenance had the effect of making Mrs. Charmond appear more than her full age. There are complexions which set off each other to great advantage, and there are those which antagonise, the one killing or damaging its neighbour unmercifully. This was unhappily the case here. Mrs. Charmond fell into a meditation, and replied abstractedly to a cursory remark of her companion's. However she parted from her young friend in the kindest tones, promising to send and let her know as soon as her mind was made up on the arrangement she had suggested.

When Grace had ascended nearly to the top of the adjoining slope she looked back, and saw that Mrs. Charmond still stood at the door, meditatively regarding her.

Often during the previous night,

after his call on the Melburys, Winterborne's thoughts ran upon Grace's announced visit to Hintock House. Why could he not have proposed to walk with her part of the way? Something told him that she might not, on such an occasion, care for his company.

He was still more of that opinion when, standing in his garden next day, he saw her go past on the journey with such a pretty pride in the event. He wondered if her father's ambition, which had purchased for her the means of intellectual light and culture far beyond those of any other native of the village, would conduce to the flight of her future interests above and away from the local life which was once to her the movement of the world.

Nevertheless, he had her father's permission to win her if he could; and to this end it became desirable to bring matters soon to a crisis, if he ever hoped to do so. If she should think herself too good for him, he could let her go, and make the best of his loss; but until he had really tested her he could not say that she despised his suit. The question was how to quicken events towards an issue.

He thought and thought, and at last decided that as good a way as any would be to give a Christmas party, and ask Grace and her parents to come as chief guests.

These ruminations were occupying him when there became audible a slight knocking at his front door. He descended the path, and looked out, and beheld Marty South, dressed for out-door work.

"Why didn't you come, Mr. Winterborne?" she said. "I've been waiting there hours and hours, and at last I thought I must try to find you."

"Bless my soul, I'd quite forgot," said Giles.

What he had forgotten was that there were a thousand young fir-trees to be planted in a neighbouring spot which had been cleared by the woodcutters, and that he had arranged to plant them with his own hands. He

had a marvellous power of making trees grow. Although he would seem to shovel in the earth quite carelessly there was a sort of sympathy between himself and the fir, oak, or beech that he was operating on; so that the roots took hold of the soil in a few days. When, on the other hand, any of the journeymen planted, although they seemed to go through an identically similar process, one quarter of the trees would die away during the ensuing August.

Hence Winterborne found delight in the work even when, as at present, he contracted to do it on portions of the woodland in which he had no personal interest. Marty, who turned her hand to anything, was usually the one who performed the part of keeping the trees in a perpendicular position whilst he threw in the mould.

He accompanied her towards the spot, being stimulated yet further to proceed with the work by the knowledge that the ground was close to the wayside along which Grace must pass on her return from Hintock House.

"You've a cold in the head, Marty," he said as they walked. "That comes of cutting off your hair."

"I suppose it do. Yes; I've three headaches going on in my head at the same time."

"Three headaches!"

"Yes, a rheumatic headache in my poll, a sick headache over my eyes, and a misery headache in the middle of my brain. However I came out, for I thought you might be waiting and grumbling like anything if I was not there."

The holes were already dug, and they set to work. Winterborne's fingers were endowed with a gentle conjuror's touch in spreading the roots of each little tree, resulting in a sort of caress under which the delicate fibres all laid themselves out in their proper directions for growth. He put most of these roots towards the south-west; for, he said, in forty years time, when some great gale is blowing

from that quarter, the trees will require the strongest holdfast on that side to stand against it and not fall.

"How they sigh directly we put 'em upright, though while they are lying down they don't sigh at all," said Marty.

"Do they?" said Giles. "I've never noticed it."

She erected one of the young pines into its hole, and held up her finger; the soft musical breathing instantly set in which was not to cease night or day till the grown tree should be felled—probably long after the two planters should be felled themselves.

"It seems to me," the girl continued, "as if they sigh because they are very sorry to begin life in earnest—just as we be."

"Just as we be?" He looked critically at her. "You ought not to feel like that, Marty."

Her only reply was turning to take up the next tree; and they planted on through a great part of the day, almost without another word. Winterborne's mind ran on his contemplated evening-party, his abstraction being such that he hardly was conscious of Marty's presence beside him. From the nature of their employment, in which he handled the spade and she merely held the tree, it followed that he got good exercise and she got none. But she was a heroic girl, and though her outstretched hand was chill as a stone, and her cheeks blue, and her cold worse than ever, she would not complain whilst he was disposed to continue work. But when he paused she said, "Mr. Winterborne, can I run down the lane and back to warm my feet?"

"Why, yes, of course," he said, awaking anew to her existence. "Though I was just thinking what a mild day it is for the season. Now I warrant that cold of yours is twice as

bad as it was. You had no business to chop that hair off, Marty; it serves you almost right. Look here, cut off home at once."

"A run down the lane will be quite enough."

"No it won't. You ought not to have come out to-day at all."

"But I should like to finish the—"

"Marty, I tell you to go home," said he peremptorily. "I can manage to keep the rest of them upright with a stick or something."

She went away without saying any more. When she had gone down the orchard a little distance she looked back. Giles suddenly went after her.

"Marty, it was for your good that I was rough, you know. But warm yourself in your own way, I don't care."

When she had run off he fancied he discerned a woman's dress through the holly bushes which divided the coppice from the road. It was Grace at last, on her way back from the interview with Mrs. Charmond. He threw down the tree he was planting, and was about to break through the belt of holly when he suddenly became aware of the presence of another man, who was looking over the hedge on the opposite side of the way upon the figure of the unconscious Grace. He appeared as a handsome and gentlemanly personage of six or eight and twenty, and was quizzing her through an eyeglass. Seeing that Winterborne was noticing him he let his glass drop with a click upon the rail which protected the hedge, and walked away in the opposite direction. Giles knew in a moment that this must be Mr. Fitzpiers. When he was gone Winterborne pushed through the holly, and emerged close beside the interesting object of their contemplation.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SECOND PART OF 'FAUST.'<sup>1</sup>

ONLY by taking the trouble to compare Sir Theodore Martin's translation of 'Faust' with the original line by line, nay, almost word by word, can one justly estimate his success and also his failure. Those who open his volumes at random will probably be inclined to overestimate their merits ; those who refer only to favourite passages will certainly undervalue them. For it is not the exceptional brilliancy of single scenes, but the sustained power and unwearying patience with which the whole work has been rendered that entitle this to a high position among English reproductions of the greatest German poem. Earlier labourers have been happier in catching single cadences of rhythm and of feeling ; they may even have given a fuller expression to the more abstruse significance of some situations and speeches ; but when judged as a whole, Sir Theodore Martin's version is greatly superior to any that has preceded it, and it is doubtful whether an important improvement will ever be made upon it.

The Second Part of 'Faust' presents such difficulties that no one who attempts to translate it can hope for more than an approximate success. With respect to it, Goethe said to Eckermann on the sixth of December, 1829 :—

" As the conception is so old, and I have been reflecting upon it for fifty years, the materials have collected within me to such an extent that the choice and rejection have become the most difficult part of the task. The plan of the whole Second Part is in fact as old as I have said ; but that I first write it now, when my mind has become so much clearer as to earthly matters, may be an advantage to the work. I am like a man who in his youth

possessed a great deal of small silver and copper coin, which in the course of his life he has exchanged with ever-increasing profit, so that at last the fortune of his youth lies before him in pure gold pieces."

Whether the long period which elapsed between the conception and the execution of the poem was so great an advantage as the author himself supposed may be a matter of doubt ; that the long intervals which separated the production of the single acts and scenes were injurious will hardly be questioned by any one who knows what harmony of treatment means. Yet, in one respect at least, it must be confessed that the silver and copper of the poet's earlier years have here been changed into pure gold. Nowhere else does his command over all the resources of diction and rhythm so strikingly appear ; nowhere else is the force and flexibility of the German language so clearly displayed. Among the earlier lyrical poems of Goethe there are many which touch the heart more directly than anything that the Second Part of 'Faust' contains, and not a few of these are as perfect in every respect as its noblest passages. There was many a gold piece among the small coin which the young author cast so lavishly upon the table of the world, but in those days he had hardly cared to estimate the value of what he gave. His life was so full, his intellectual treasure so inexhaustible, that he had not time to test the purity of the metal, or to dwell on the sharpness of the image and superscription borne by the money with which he paid his way. Or, to drop the metaphor, he had so much to say that he was somewhat careless as to the form in which it was said. It was all worth the hearing, but it was not always adequately expressed. Hence

<sup>1</sup> 'Faust,' a dramatic poem by Goethe. Part II. Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. Edinburgh and London. 1886.

the tendency which during this period he showed to return again and again to the same psychological or poetical problem. To take a single example, Carlos and Clavigo are only an earlier and weaker presentment of the characters of Antonio and Tasso. The circumstances by which they are surrounded are different, and each of them possesses that individuality which only the genius of a great poet could give; but when stripped of their accidents, they are essentially the same, and the same is the conflict in which they are involved. Indeed, this contrast between the worldly wisdom which aims at a knowledge of men and things only that it may use them, and that deeper insight which is begotten of love, and has no purpose but loving God in the creature—as the old divines would have said with a truer meaning than is generally allowed to them—is one that seems to have haunted the poet's imagination during the whole of his youth, and from which he could not free himself until he had given it a full and final expression. He saw that the difference of interest was rooted in a difference of character, and that success in this world depended on a certain narrowness and hardness in the nature of one set of men as opposed to the other: but he also saw that a gain was involved in the loss which the more gifted, and therefore the more sympathetic, must suffer. There was a spiritual compensation for all their practical defeats. In the very worst moment of their destiny, they would not willingly change places with the man who seems to tower so high above them, though they may fly to him for counsel, though they may cling to him for support when no other refuge is left. The question is one which is wide and deep as the world; the farther one follows it the more suggestive does it become, and the fuller its tragical significance. Like all great ideas it cleaves the world asunder and lays open its very core. It is characteristic of Goethe's whole

development that as the years advanced he clung more and more closely to the spiritual view of the problem. Carlos lords it over Clavigo, as in real life the man of the world usually lords it over the artist. In Tasso the elements are more equally balanced, though the scale of fortune finally inclines, as in this world it always must, to the side of the practical man. In Goethe's greatest work the whole relations between the two representatives of human nature are changed. Mephistopheles and Faust are Carlos and Clavigo, Antonio and Tasso, translated to a larger sphere, and conscious of a grander destiny. Our attention is no longer concentrated on a private love affair or a court intrigue. It is human nature itself in its widest and also in its simplest form that is placed before us—with heaven above it, and with hell below; the great cleft is still there, the elemental opposition; but here the ideal power constantly commands its opposite, until at last it escapes from it into a purer and better world.

But to return from this lengthy digression. Goethe in his old age was more critical than he had been in his youth. His life was drawing to a close, and what he had to say must be said once and for all. His correspondence with Schiller shows that he had paid such attention to the technicalities of verse as few of our minor poets would like to confess to. On the Second Part of 'Faust' he lavished not only the wisdom of a long life of contemplation, but also all the resources of his art. The execution is marked by such a union of force and grace, of ease and terseness, as can be found nowhere else. Every cadence falls as lightly on the ear as the song of a wood-bird, and yet every line is overweighted with the deepest meanings. It would be an empty compliment to say that Sir Theodore Martin had rivalled the original in these respects. He has not done so, as he frankly acknowledges; but he has done much, far more than any one

who has not read his translation would have thought possible.

It is a great, though perhaps inevitable, misfortune that most readers approach the Second Part of 'Faust' from an abstract side. They are so eager to penetrate its hidden meanings that they have no time to linger amid the beauty of the single scenes, or even to trace and ponder over the general plan. It is only when we have ceased to expect from Goethe, or from any one else, a solution of the riddle of life that we have leisure to enjoy the grace of the classical Walpurgis Night, and to allow its varying groups to pass before the mind's eye, as they might over a magician's stage, without inquiring into their purpose, or permitting our attention to be distracted by the long trains of thought which they continually suggest. Yet it is not till we have done this, till we have viewed the poem, for once at least, as a mere imaginative ballet, that we can appreciate the author's art, that we can hardly think of certain phases of human life without being reminded of Mephistopheles's flirtation with the Lamiae, or gaze upon the moonlit sea without recalling the approach of Galatea. This is far from being the only, it is not the most important, merit of the poem; but it is an essential element in the design. Goethe himself believed that it would have been impossible for him to draw these pictures, as mere pictures, without a life-long study of the plastic arts. To treat even their external form as the caprice of an exuberant but ungoverned fancy is, therefore, to ignore one of the writer's acknowledged aims. Now, as soon as we boldly resolve to repress all our obstinate questionings of sense and outward things, and to concentrate our attention on the scenes that move before us, we become conscious that we have to do with a work of a very peculiar character. It contains but little human or emotional interest; it is not for the young or the immature. It is a world of dreams, through which

we pass with a perfect consciousness of its unreality. Its inhabitants have as little to do with the life that surrounds us as Christabel or the Witch of Atlas. They take no hold upon our affections; we are not interested in their fate. But the conceptions themselves are so lovely, they are drawn with so masterly a hand, and coloured with such truth and delicacy, that these airy nothings become an eternal possession to those who have once received them into their imagination. Now, in this respect, Sir Theodore Martin's translation merits the highest praise. It is not only scrupulously correct but eminently readable; it will repel no one whom the original would attract, and it was better to suppress some half-hidden suggestions than to render the verse crabbed or the pictures indistinct.

That some such suggestions have been suppressed, or at least inadequately reproduced, the translator himself would probably acknowledge; indeed, it was a necessity of the case that it should be so. Where so many meanings are hinted rather than expressed, we have reason to be grateful if only the more evident and the more important are given. But here the question arises, why should Goethe have written so mysteriously that many passages of one of his greatest works, after more than half a century has elapsed, still remain a riddle to those who have studied it most carefully? No one will now suspect the aged poet of adopting "this mode of writing as a vulgar lure, to confer on his poems the interest which might belong to so many charades," as they were in danger of doing when Carlyle began to expound his writings to the English public; but the reader is still inclined to ask why the writer should not have stated his meaning as clearly as Voltaire always does. This opens a large question, and it would require a treatise on the purposes and methods of the German Romantic School to give it a satisfactory answer. The present writer is ready to confess that

he is as unable to find a "larger significance" in the psychological condition of the lady whose mind rises spirally through the solar system in the concluding chapters of 'Wilhelm Meister,' as he is to expatiate on the contents of the casket, the key to which is so unexpectedly and purposelessly found. In many of his later works, Goethe flung his rough notes in the face of the public, as Michael Angelo is said to have emptied his sketch-book on the wall of the Sistine Chapel in his picture of the Day of Judgment. None but he could have conceived and drawn such figures, or have put such a store of wisdom into their lips; none but he would have ventured to expose them thus, or to leave them as they stand. Such works demanded not only the courage but the inconsiderateness of genius. We are obliged to accept, because we dare not reject them. But with the Second Part of 'Faust,' the case is different. As soon as we have grasped the central idea of the tragedy, it is easy to discover the motives which compelled, or at least tempted, its author to adopt this style of treatment.

The following passage, from the diary of Sulpiz Boisserée, may find a place here. The conversation which it records took place in Wiesbaden on the third of August, 1815:—

"Then we came to speak of 'Faust.' The First Part, he (Goethe) said, concluded with the death of Gretchen, and now the second must begin anew, *par ricochet*. That in itself was difficult, and besides the painter had acquired a different touch, and made use of another brush: what he was now able to produce would not harmonize with the former part. I replied that he should not allow such considerations to discourage him; if one man was able to think himself into the character and position of another, how much more easily might an author do this with respect to an earlier work of his own. *Goethe.* 'That I willingly acknowledge; much, too, is already written.' I inquired about the conclusion. *Goethe.* 'That I will not—I must not tell, but it, too, is finished; I have succeeded in it well, even greatly; it belongs to my best period.' I fancy the devil will lose in the end. *Goethe.* 'Faust from the first makes a condition with the devil, out of which the rest follows.'"

It seems strange to us now that the critics of the poet's own time should have entirely lost sight of this fact, and that so many English readers should still ignore it, as the design of the whole poem is distinctly stated in the First Part, and conscientiously followed out in the Second. We have spoken of Faust and Mephistopheles as a transcendental rendering of Clavigo and Carlos, but they are of course far more than this. The characters might not have been so perfect but for the earlier works which trained both the eye and the hand of the poet; but it certainly was not the contrast to which allusion has been made that suggested either the subject or the treatment of the poem, though it may have been this that induced him to return to his unfinished sketch at a later period. If we desired to trace the growth of the idea in the author's mind, we should have to follow the whole development of his life from the time when, as a child, he first saw the puppet tragedy produced in the fair of Frankfort. All that was most noteworthy in his observation of life, all that was deepest in his emotional experience, he from the first wove into the substance of this piece, and down to the last he saved the choicest jewels of his thought to adorn it. To review the growth and execution of the idea would be to rewrite a history of the poet's spiritual life, and this cannot here be done. But the plan of the work may be shortly stated. We trust that the repetition will not be found too wearisome by those who already know the poem in its deeper and not merely in its superficial sense.

In the First Part, Mephistopheles appears among the hosts of Heaven to criticise the creation they so greatly applaud. His attention is particularly attracted to man, the most questionable, it must be confessed, of all the productions of the creative power. To Mephistopheles it does not seem questionable at all, but only laughable. Man—we quote from Sir Theodore

Martin's translation of the evil spirit's speech—

"had been better off hadst thou not some  
Faint gleam of heavenly light into him put ;  
Reason he calls it, and doth yet become  
More brutish through it than the veriest  
brute."

This gleam of heavenly light, which leads Faust to scorn all that is within his reach, and to strive for ever for an unattainable good, is at once the distinguishing characteristic of all that is best in humanity, and the butt at which the sharpest arrows of the scoffing fiend are aimed. The Lord names him as a representative of mankind ; Mephistopheles accepts and ridicules him as such. To him the Lord replies :—

Though now he serve me stumblingly, the  
hour

Is nigh when I shall lead him into light.  
When the tree buds the gardener knows  
that flower

And fruit will make the coming seasons  
bright.

*Mephistopheles.* What will you wager ?  
If you only let

Me lead him without hindrance my own  
way,

I'll answer for it, you shall lose him yet !

*The Lord.* So long as on this earth he  
lives, you may

Your snares for him and fascinations set ;  
Man, while the struggle lasts, is prone to  
stray.

The rendering of the last line is correct enough, but inadequate, and as this is one of the turning points of the poem, we should hardly have been ready to forgive the translator but for other passages in which he has surpassed our expectations. The "while his struggle lasts," suggests the idea of a Christian "state of probation," which was entirely absent from the poet's mind when he wrote the Prologue in Heaven ; nay, which he in many cases carefully avoids every reference to, in this, the First Part of 'Faust.' The words that Goethe puts into the mouth of the Lord are, baldly translated, "Man errs as long as he actively aspires." The only refuge from error therefore would be quiescence, that is, according to the teaching

of the poem, spiritual death. The doctrine may be true or false ; in either case it is the central idea of the drama. Carlyle perceived this. He adopted and restated the teachings of the poet, though in a strange way, and with modifications that Goethe would hardly have accepted. "Man's unhappiness," he says, "as I construe, comes of his greatness ; it is because there is an infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite," and this, it may be remarked in passing, is the very conviction that Schopenhauer has stated in a more scientific way.

But to return to the poem. It is clear from the Prologue in Heaven that the hero's soul cannot finally be lost ; for, if it were, the evil spirit would triumph not only over his human prey but over the Lord himself ; and so Faust does not sell his soul, as in the old legend Dr. Faustus did, but the wager in heaven is balanced by a wager on earth. From the very first the hero shows a contempt of his tempter, and it is in scorn that he makes his offer :—

*Faust.* If e'er in peace on sluggard's couch  
I lie,  
Then may my life upon the instant cease !  
Cheat thou me ever by thy glazing wile,  
So that I cease to scorn myself, or e'er  
My senses with a perfect joy beguile,  
Then be that day my last ! I offer fair,  
How sayst thou ?

*Mephistopheles.* Done !  
*Faust.* My hand upon

it ! There !  
If to the passing moment e'er I say,  
"Oh linger yet ! thou art so fair !"  
Then cast me into chains you may,  
Then will I die without a care !  
Then may the death-bell sound its call,  
Then art thou from thy service free,  
The clock may stand, the index fall,  
And time and tide may cease for me.

In the original the character of the pact is even more distinctly marked. The words "*Die Wette biet' ich*," here translated, "I offer fair," literally mean "This wager I offer."

This then is the condition imposed by Faust on the devil, to which Goethe referred in his conversation with

Sulpiz Boisserée ; and it will at once be seen that to win his two wagers Mephistopheles must not only lead his victim away from the source of his being, and make him eat dust like the snake, but he must also render him contented with the condition to which he has been reduced. It is the old question that is here reproduced in a new form : Can all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them satisfy the hunger of a single human soul ?

The Second Part contains the answer, which, however, we must turn to the end of it to find. When Care alone of the four Grey Sisters can enter the rich man's abode, the aged hero repels her with the statement of what his life has really been—

" I've galloped merely through the world, I own.  
Each pleasure by the hair I'd seize,  
Cast off whatever failed to please,  
What 'scaped me let unheeded go.  
First craving, then achieving, then  
Longing for something new again ;  
And stoutly on through life went storming  
so,  
Grandly at first, and foremost in the race,  
But sagely now, and at a sober pace.  
Of man and earth I know enough ; what lies  
Beyond is barricaded 'gainst our eyes.  
Fool, who with blinking gaze out yonder  
peers,  
And dreams of kindred souls in upper  
spheres !  
Let him stand firm, and look around him  
here.  
Not dumb this world to him that bears a  
brain :  
Why through eternity should he career ?  
What things he knows will in his grasp  
remain.  
So let him roam on through his earthly  
day ;  
Though spirits gibber, calmly hold his way ;  
And longing still, and still unsatisfied,  
Accept his fate, let joy or grief betide."

The grand ring of the old hero's defiance is somewhat lost in the rendering, but it is clear enough, even from the English translation, that Mephistopheles has not yet won his wager with Faust. The eager mind does not yet repose on the sluggard's couch ; it has not ceased, in the best and highest way, to scorn itself.

Faust's senses have not yet been beguiled by a perfect joy. It is true that in the next scene he does say to the passing moment—"Oh linger yet, thou art so fair." But it is only in anticipation of a success that seems at hand, not in its actual possession. Mephistopheles and his chorus of Lemurs of course seize upon the words, and declare that the clock stands still and the index falls, but no fair umpire would decide that the evil spirit had won the match.

The moral of 'Faust' is, therefore, that the dissatisfaction of the human soul with all that is, or can be, given it, is a sign of its higher origin ; its discontent is its passport to larger spheres. All through the poem weight is laid on the effort rather than the result, the aspiration rather than the achievement. It is because Sir Theodore Martin has not clearly grasped this fact that it becomes necessary to insist upon it so strongly. Goethe was no utilitarian. In his opinion, as in that of the earlier Christians, man was not placed in this world merely to perform acts of beneficence, but to work out his own salvation. If any authority for this explanation of the plan of the poem be demanded, we have the highest, the poet's own. In recording a conversation that took place on the sixth of June, 1831, Eckermann writes :—

" We spoke about the conclusion of 'Faust,' and Goethe called my attention to the passage—'The noble member of the spirit world is delivered from evil ; the power is given us to save him who constantly and actively aspires, and if love from above, too, has sympathised with him, the hosts of the blessed meet him with a hearty welcome.'<sup>1</sup> These verses, he said, 'contain the key to Faust's salvation. In Faust himself, an effort that becomes higher and purer till the end ; and the eternal love that brings help to him from above. This is entirely in harmony with the conceptions of our religion, according to which we are not saved by our own power alone, but by the divine grace which assists it. By the

<sup>1</sup> Sir Theodore Martin's rendering of this passage may be found on p. 300 of the Second Part.

way, you must also confess that it was a difficult thing to write the conclusion, where the redeemed soul hovers upwards ; and that in treating such supernatural things, of which it is hardly possible even to dream, there would have been a danger of my losing myself in vague abstractions if I had not given my poetical idea a pleasingly limited form and stability, by employing the sharply-defined outlines of the figures and conceptions of the Christian Church."

Thus Mephistopheles has, in every higher sense, lost his wager with Faust. The man whom he undertook to lead step by step down the road to perdition has risen from every sin and error to a nobler enterprise, stronger in himself and greater in his aims. This is an essential part of the leading idea of the poem. Faust does not sink from his love of Gretchen into the base debaucheries of the first Walpurgis Night ; he rises above it to the conception of the highest intellectual beauty in Helen of Troy. There is no retrogression in his life's history ; his aims may vary, but he is never satisfied with a poorer joy or a smaller purpose than the last. Without any conscious determination of his own he is drawn upwards and onwards by the mere force of his own development. And as he grows, Mephistopheles shrinks before him, until at last he compels the very spirit of denial and destruction to create a new realm, where millions may live, not in safety, it is true, but free by their own exertion.

" Yes ! This one thought absorbs me wholly  
—wife  
With wisdom's final lesson, and most true :  
He only merits freedom, merits life,  
Who daily has to conquer them anew.  
So, girl by danger, shall youth, manhood,  
    age,  
Pass kindly here their busy pilgrimage."

Such are almost the last words of the man whom the Lord from the first declared to be His servant, though Mephistopheles thought his service of the strangest kind ; and, in spite of all his sins, it is clear that he who can speak thus has not denied his Master ; nay, that by the unconscious instru-

mentality of his tempter he has been led from darkness into light.

In every great work of art, whether it be the 'Divine Comedy' or 'Gulliver's Travels,' the fundamental idea of the author must be taken for granted. Whether Goethe's conception of life, in which aspiration is all in all, and renunciation itself only a new foundation on which a new effort can and should be built, or that other view of the world, which finds perhaps its highest literary expression in the 'Imitation of Christ,' is in itself the truest and deepest, is therefore a question which, most fortunately, it is not our business to discuss ; but few will deny that the scheme, as it stood in the mind of the youthful poet, was the grandest that had fired the imagination of any writer since the day on which it first occurred to Dante that there was a way in which he could say something worthy of his love and of Beatrice. But unfortunately, this scheme was one that could never be embodied in a perfect form. With a true sense of poetical fitness the author divided his work into two parts. The first deals with the enjoyments that are within the reach of a human being ; they are but few, and this section of the poem is therefore justly balanced and self-contained. The second treats of the spheres of action that are open to the aspiring soul, and these are manifold. To realise the poet's idea in its fulness, the hero should have been shown taking a great and successful part in all the fields of human endeavour, and yet casting the results of his labour aside in the very moment of fruition, as inadequate to his spiritual wants. But this would have demanded a series of dramas, the monotony of which would soon have become unendurable. On the other hand, to make Faust merely an artist, a man of science, or a politician, would have been to dwarf the large proportions of the design ; nay, even to cripple and caricature it. The hero would then have appeared in the somewhat ludicrous light of a

German pedant who had chosen a wrong vocation ; his dissatisfaction with what he had attained would appear a mere personal caprice rather than the rebellion of a free human soul against the conditions that check and thwart it. The human tragedy that Goethe had planned would have become a mere personal disaster.

The poet, therefore, had recourse to symbolism, an inclination to which distinguished the whole literary period, and in many respects influenced—by no means advantageously—the later works of the writer. Nowhere does this tendency appear so nakedly, and therefore so repulsively, as in the fourth act, the last scenes that fell from the author's pen. Such characters as Bully, Grab-Quick, and Hold-fast, require all the homely humour and pathos of a Bunyan to lend them a human entity, and these Goethe in his old age did not command. The three figures are shadows, mere abstractions, and no more ; indeed, the whole passage is an allegory, which, unfortunately, instead of going mad on the banks of the Nile, has most sedately seated herself in the midst of one of the greatest of modern poems.

This is the worst specimen of the method, but all the characters, even Faust and Mephistopheles, if they are not entirely symbolical, become so at times, and therefore lose their human interest. Without the use of some such system, it is only just to repeat, the poet could not have put the great leading idea of his work clearly and fully before his readers. Every single personality was too limited for his purpose ; he had no room for the detail that lends life and reality to poetical conceptions. The whole world has to be compressed into so narrow a space that its tendencies must be represented by ciphers rather than persons. The misfortune of such a style of writing is that it stimulates without restraining the fancy of the poet. When drawing single persons, he is bound by their individual nature. He may speak of all the world, but only

as it can be seen by their eyes and expressed in their voice. An abstraction is far more complacent ; it has neither eyes nor voice ; it is a lay figure, whose joints may be brought into any position the whim of the moment suggests. Therefore an abstraction which is created for one purpose, may, at the same time, be used for another. We can dream any amount of significance into it.

To take a single illustration of what has been said : all that part of 'Faust' which refers to Helen of Troy is replete with a varying and unfailing charm. While we are content to take the characters in their simple dramatic sense as existing beings, the imagination is perfectly satisfied. But with this the poet will not allow the reader to rest content, and as soon as we ask what they are intended to signify, we are lost in a world of riddles. Carlyle conjectured that Helen is, "in the course of this her real historical intrigue with Faust, to present at the same time some dim adumbration of Grecian art, and its flight to northern nations, when driven by stress of war from its own country." Many distinguished German writers agree with this interpretation, and in this case, Euphorion, the offspring of the well-matched pair—of northern force and classical grace—must of course be taken as representing the art of the Renaissance. Other critics, who base their opinion chiefly on Faust's instructions to his followers, are inclined to date the flight of Helen, not from the fall of Constantinople, but from the earliest inroads of the northern barbarians, and to take Euphorion as a symbol of our whole modern culture ; while others, again, see in the intermezzo a general poetical sketch of the development of German, or indeed of European, literature, during the poet's own period, and find some support for their theory in the fact that Goethe told Eckermann (sixth of June, 1831) that he conceived of Faust as being just a hundred years old in the fifth act. According to this view of the matter,

Helen (the Grecian idea of artistic beauty) being in danger of death from the jealousy of her husband (the classical school), seeks refuge with a new lover in entirely new surroundings. All this is puzzling enough, but the confusion is confounded by the fact that the "familiar form" which "you think you recognise" in "the beautiful youth" who "falls at his parent's feet" was, beyond all doubt, intended to be that of Lord Byron, so that Euphorion represents, among other things, the English poet. Which of these readings is the true one? Much may be urged in support of each, and it is probable they all hovered before Goethe's mind when he was writing and correcting these scenes. He was certainly in the right when he wrote to Zelter with respect to this work, on the twenty-sixth of July, 1828, "As far as I have gone I fancy a man of good intelligence will find enough to do if he attempts to master all the mysteries I have hidden in it." Whether the result was worth the pains is another matter. In poetry the "one and something" is almost always preferable to the "nothing and all."

It is clear, however, that such a poem must present insuperable difficulties to the translator. Words that not only have, but are intended to have, half a dozen different bearings cannot be rendered into a foreign language, and what is true of single passages holds good of whole scenes. That which Sir Theodore Martin numbers Act i. Scene v. is open to very different explanations. Is it a mere piece of persiflage on what were, when it was written, the newest developments of the transcendental school, or does it contain the secret of Goethe's inmost conviction as to the world and the possible birth of a new artistic period? We cannot tell, but this is the question on which the translator had to decide. Emerson thought that here Goethe had achieved what no other modern poet had ventured to attempt; that, in the *Mothers*, he had

created true mythological forms in which even the nineteenth century could believe. The present writer is inclined to agree with the American essayist, and to think that here the demand made upon Mephistopheles is so great, and so different from all that could be expected of him, that he is, so to say, frightened out of his individual character, and for once speaks the very words of truth and soberness. Sir Theodore Martin evidently takes a different view of this episode, and he is at least as likely to be right. We do not refer to such obvious misprints as the line—

"Unknown to me, whom we to name are loath,"

which of course should run—

"Unknown to *you*, whom *we* to name are loath,"

since the German insists even more strongly on the implied contrast between the human soul and the evil spirit, but to the tendency with which the scene is translated. The lines—

"Canst thou conceive and fully comprehend  
A void and isolation without end?"

may perhaps be the best possible rendering if only a sharp cut at Fichte or Hegel was intended; but they utterly fail to convey the intention of the German, if the words are to be taken seriously.

"Von Einsamkeiten wirst umhergetrieben.  
Hast du Begriff von Oed' und Einsamkeit?"  
("By solitudes thou shalt be cast to and fro. Canst thou conceive of waste and solitude?")

—perhaps the most searching question that can be put to any human being. As here, we should be sorry to endorse the translator's conception of many passages. He has his idea and explanation of them, we have ours. In one respect, however, we believe that no careful student of Goethe will think us in the wrong. All through the poem, from the first line to the last, it was the poet's intention to keep up a certain mystery. We see the

figures by a half-light ; we have to do with a magic which is neither entirely serious nor entirely ridiculous. It would require a space far larger than could be allowed to the present article to show the reasons that induced the poet to adopt this method, or the means by which he attained his end ; but most readers will confess that the position which is assigned to sorcery in the First Part is occupied by religion in the Second. The author is carefully dubious ; he employs words that may be accepted either in a theological or a general sense. In all such cases Sir Theodore Martin seizes on the religious significance. We cannot quarrel with his single renderings, the sense he gives to each separate passage is really contained in it ; but to most readers his version of the Second Part of '*Faust*' will seem more distinctively Christian than the original.

In his youth Goethe wrote an article which he entitled 'Shakespeare and no End,' and probably no one has written of his own '*Faust*' without feeling that he had left unsaid what it was best and most important to say. This Second Part abounds with suggestions that might be followed out to almost any length. If the opinion the author expresses in one of his smaller pieces, "only that which is fruitful is true," be adopted, this is certainly the most truthful of all modern poems, if only because it constantly incites the mind to a new effort, and places a mass of material before it in such a way that even the most thoughtless cannot entirely disregard it. As a mere poem, too, with the exception of the fourth act, it possesses a merit which is rare in modern works of the imagination. The deepest and most abstract ideas are placed before the reader in a form that is always concrete and generally attractive. The very references to subjects of momentary interest possess a certain piquancy. It was thus that the "eternal thought" appeared in the "spiritual vesture" of the poet's own day. We may think the greatest

of problems either into, or out of, the figures that glide so gracefully across the stage. No one has exhausted the intellectual treasures of the work, or fathomed the depth of its significance ; but few have hitherto felt the whole varying sweetness of its charm. But when the critic is asked if he is inclined to consider it a perfect work of art, and to rank it among the few great poems of the world, he feels a certain hesitation. In grandeur of conception it surpasses every modern book except the '*Divine Comedy*.' In a far deeper sense than Milton or Pope dreamed of, it "justifies the ways of God to man." Goethe, too, stands far nearer to us than Dante. It is the problems of our own life that he treats, and his lessons have a direct and immediate significance for all of us. And yet—and yet—is '*Faust*' the greatest work of the greatest poet of our century—a poem that we can regard with unlimited admiration, and fearlessly adopt as a model ?

It possesses in an almost unequalled degree many of the highest qualities of the highest art, and yet it is hardly possible that such a place should be assigned to it. Grand as the conception on which it is based is, and vividly as it has been realised in a few of the greater scenes, it is almost overclouded by the episodes. The treatment, too, is unequal, not so much through any failure in the author's powers, as through a constant change in his methods. In different passages he aims at a different kind of perfection, and even when he attains his end the effect of the whole is incongruous. The sublime unity, the single key-note that rings clearly through all the changing melodies of the Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of the Italian, is wanting here. As the writer himself felt, when he resumed his task, "the painter had acquired a different touch, and made use of another brush," or rather of a number of brushes, that differed almost as widely from each other as from that which he had used in the First Part. Thus,

the most suggestive of modern poems is the worst of literary models.

A transcendental critic might perhaps discover a certain, quite unconscious, propriety in the very faults of the work. In an often-cited passage in '*Kunst und Alterthum*', Goethe says—we quote Carlyle's translation—

"Faust's character, in the elevation to which latter refinement, working on the old rude tradition, has raised it, represents a man who, feeling impatient and imprisoned within the limits of mere earthly existence, regards the possession of the highest knowledge, the enjoyment of the fairest blessings, as insufficient even in the slightest degree to satisfy his longing: a spirit accordingly, which struggling out on all sides, ever returns the more unhappy."

The dramatist, it might be argued, seems to have shared the spiritual idiosyncrasy of his hero, for he, too, feels "impatient and imprisoned," when confined within the necessary limits of his art. He endeavours to reach beyond it, and to compel the form that he has chosen to perform a task that is neither dramatic nor poetical. It would not be difficult to find passages that might be quoted in support of this view of the matter. What, for instance, is the true significance of the bitter revulsion of feeling with which Faust turns from sorcery, in one of the most impressive scenes that even Goethe ever wrote? Why should this man, who owes not only all his power, but also the whole of his higher culture to supernatural agency, exclaim—

" Could I sweep magic from my path, unlearn  
The spells of sorcery one and all, and turn  
Thy face, O Nature, reverently to scan,  
Then were it worth the while to be a man" ?

The words "reverently to scan," it must be remarked, are the translator's, and they lend the passage a triviality which it does not possess in the original. But why should this sentiment be introduced at all, except to give expression to the insight to which the aged poet had attained—that all that furthers at the same time fetters

us? Our very successes, and the means by which we attain to them, weigh as a load upon the infinity of our nature, and narrow the range of its possibilities. As we gain one point of view, we lose sight of another as important; our very culture, while opening our eyes to one set of truths, closes them to the rest. Could we sweep all these obstructions away, and with the power that has been gained by a long course of literary or scientific training, stand before the world in the unbiassed intellectual freedom of our childhood, its inmost secret might perhaps be revealed; at least

" Then were it worth the while to be a man."

In some such way the transcendental critic might argue; but it would perhaps be considering too curiously if we were to follow his speculations further; and even if on this and all minor points we were to assent to his reasoning, we should find in it only an explanation and not a justification of the incongruities of the Second Part of '*Faust*'. In a work of art, an intention cannot be taken as equivalent to a performance; no suggestiveness can make amends for a want of unity in execution, nor can a concrete discord be solved by an abstract harmony. That '*Faust*' is an unequal work, that its various parts not only do not form a consistent whole, but that they frequently jar against each other, hardly any one will deny. The poem, it must be confessed, is in many respects faulty, yet how easy it were to name many more faultless ones which do not contain an appreciable fraction of its vitality! For in spite of all its defects, it remains the greatest work of the greatest German poet, the vessel into which the wisest of modern men poured the ripest and choicest wine of his wisdom. Its very faults have something characteristic about them. They are those of our own age, of our own way of thinking. The great poet at times casts poetry aside, the consummate

artist becomes impatient of the limitations of his art. He strives to make verse and the drama a vehicle for thoughts they cannot fully express. Hence the hinted meanings, and the persons that at times fade into mere allegories. In this respect do we not all share his weakness, though we can claim no part in his strength? Are we not constantly endeavouring to solve philosophical problems by poetical methods, or to extend the results of our scientific investigations to spheres of human experience on which they can, in the present state of our knowledge, have no true bearing? The mastering thought of the nineteenth century is scientific, and it affects our poetry as balefully as the artistic tendencies of the fifteenth century affected its scientific speculations.

Such poems as the Second Part of

'Faust' are the result. Whether the reticence and stern self-restraint of early periods were not more admirable, and in the end more effective, is a question that may remain open. A period which endeavours to make music do the work of painting, and painting that of music, while to verse it assigns the task of either rather than its own, has hardly a right to blame a poet because he crowds a quantity of heterogeneous matter into a single work. The masterpiece of the great German stands before us, a thing the world may either accept or reject, but which it cannot alter. It is, and will always remain one of the chief monuments of the highest culture of the age; and for those who are not intimately acquainted with the German language Sir Theodore Martin has rendered the study of the poem not only an easy but a pleasant task.

## WHO WROTE DICKENS?

THE labours of the great minds which have long been engaged in establishing the Baconian authorship of the plays vulgarly attributed to Shakespeare are now drawing to a close, and a gentleman is shortly to arrive from America with a history of the whole transaction, deciphered from the printer's errors in the First Folio.<sup>1</sup> It is a happy time, therefore, to inform the British public of a new sect which has arisen in America under the name of "Spencerians," whose cardinal doctrine it is that the novels of Dickens were in fact written by Mr. Herbert Spencer. What we owe to that ingenious people! Having identified the two English writers who were the glory of the Elizabethan age, they proceed to identify the two English writers who are not only the glory of ours, but who have attained the widest popularity in that hemisphere of plausible hypotheses. About *a priori* objections, we shall follow the later "Baconians" in saying as little as possible. But the strong *prima facie* evidence in both cases can now be re-stated with advantage.

Does anything, we would ask objectors, that is actually known of the late Mr. Dickens lead us to suppose him capable of the great intellectual achievements that range from "Sketches by Boz" to "Edwin Drood"? It is true that when Landor addressed him as the purest and loftiest spirit that, since Milton,

"Hath Heavenly Genius from her throne  
Deputed on the banks of Thames  
To speak his voice and urge his claims,"

he knew the man as well as his books. But then Ben Jonson was blinded in precisely the same way

<sup>1</sup> See the "Nineteenth Century" Magazine for May, 1886.

about Shakespeare. He addressed to him a lofty panegyric, though from daily intercourse he must have begun to suspect that the bluff, genial, popular manager could not really be the author of such high imaginings as we find in Hamlet or Prospero. What we look at are facts and probabilities. We have nothing to do with the casual impressions produced on such people as the authors of the "Underwoods" and the "Hellenica." Dickens had only the scantiest education. He was kept during two years of his childhood to menial work. He began in the humblest ante-chambers of journalism, as a reporter in the House of Commons. Does the reporters' gallery, we would ask, usually turn out these "marvellous boys" who are able at their first start to run close upon the heels of Cervantes, to outdo Le Sage and Smollett? The truth is that there was at that time in Derby a truly "marvellous boy," who at the ages of twelve and thirteen regularly supplied the young reporter with those "Sketches by Boz" which he forwarded under his own name to the "Monthly Magazine."

Several childish explanations have been offered by Mr. Forster and others of the name of "Boz." It was really a conventional sign agreed on by the two conspirators, and is arrived at by pronouncing "Herbert Spencer" very fast. The "B" and "S" (most inspiring combination!) are the prominent letters, and a sort of "buz" or "boz" is the result. When the name was retained for the "Pickwick Papers" there was, no doubt, also a side glance at the biographer of Johnson.

It is now time that we gave our readers some hints of the esoteric meaning of that famous book, which has hitherto but served to while

away the idlest hours of the idlest minds. Our explanation will be so simple that every one who reads it will wonder that he never thought of it himself. The hero of the book, then, represents the ingenuous, undisciplined Spirit of Inquiry. He begins, as we see, with founding a club of the dilettante antiquarian order. After various adventures he finds in Mr. Wardle of Dingley Dell the very impersonation of our ancient English life. But the peace of that solid and stately home is broken in upon by the irresponsible adventurer. Tracking the spoiler to a London inn, Mr. Pickwick makes his first acquaintance with Sam Weller, who is nothing but a lively representation of the Doctrine of Evolution. The very act in which Sam is first discovered is typical. It is intended that henceforward the Pickwick Club shall walk, not by the faint gleams of passing fancy or inscriptional learning, but by the light of the high polish which the faithful attendant can bestow upon their boots. It has been often remarked that the plan of the club disappears. *It was intended to do so.* Dilettantism gives place to practical observation. A single mental jotting of Sam's, as for instance the account of the "twopenny rope," is worth all the previous entries in his master's note-book. It will be observed also that his action on the plot exactly corresponds to the famous definition of Evolution as "a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity." It is Sam that gradually distinguishes the true friends of Mr. Pickwick from the indeterminate homogeneous mass of humanity which was molten together by the rays of his benevolence. It is he that detects Mr. Winkle both as sportsman and lover. He demonstrates in that luckless pretender the want of that experiential basis which was supplied in his own case by the ready use of his fists and his easy access to the confidence of maid-servants. It has been

cited as an astounding feat of superabundant power that by the side of Sam should be put another character so similar and yet so distinguishable as the elder Mr. Weller. Neither Strap nor Corporal Trim was provided with a father. But in fact it was only by keeping in view the *inner meaning* that the feat was possible. Mr. Weller, senior, represents the older and rougher empiricism. His overturning of the Eatanswill coach typifies the retrograde nature of experiment without hypothesis. For undoubtedly he must have reduced his coach and his fares to an "indefinite, incoherent homogeneity." Any other explanation is unworthy of so humane a humorist as the author of 'David Copperfield' and 'Data of Psychology.' In the last age, when carriage accidents were of daily occurrence, they were much too tiresome to laugh at.

The ready alliance of rude empiricism with pietistic sensibility is typified by the marriage of old Mr. Weller to his "widder." Scheming fanaticism creeps in, and only by the help of the younger and brisker evolutionism can be got under the pump. Some, indeed, have seen in Stiggins a superannuated embodiment of alchemistic imposture, adducing in proof his conscience-searing artifices and his "particular vanity" in the form of muddy and saccharine distillations. They have gone so far as to imagine the whole group an allegoric representation of Dr. Priestley. But this is to overstep the just limits of interpretation. Can the Doctrine of Evolution be traced to the influence of Priestley? Unless it can, we would humbly ask these theorists how they would explain the relationship of Sam and the elder Weller? We will return rather to the central catastrophe. Nothing can be more certain than that the condemnation of the hero in the case of Bardell v. Pickwick represents the ill fate of the social philosopher who dallies in weak complacency with a plausible financial statement. Mrs. Bardell, the widow

of a custom-house officer, the letter of lodgings to single gentlemen, is merely an impersonation of that rash and early speculation, "immersed in matter," as Bacon has it, which bases itself on the revenue returns of a former age and pays an exclusive attention to individual cases. The Spirit of Inquiry with antiquated gaiters and a kindly but frosty face cannot, however, break faith with this mode of speculation without heavy damages, which it will of course refuse to pay, and in consequence be imprisoned temporarily in the gloomy company of insolvent debtors, or rather insoluble problems. Here, however, it will be again visited by the faithful Doctrine of Evolution, its gloom lightened, and its horizon cleared. But we shall never make an end of these details. A correspondent of our own will arrive before many years from Manitoba, and we shall then have the assistance of a complete cipher. It may, however, be worth remarking that the footman's "swarry" is nothing but a contest between Evolutionism and the gorgeous but servile retinue of traditional metaphysics. The young gentleman in the blue livery of idealism, who boasts of the partiality shown him by his "young lady," the bright goddess of truth to whom he is a mere menial, ends naturally like all the rest in the intoxication of mysticism. Evolutionism is the only method of inquiry that can go to bed sober.

Before touching farther on the many close parallelisms between the treatises and the tales, we wish to answer two or three absurd objections, which will, we trust, never again endeavour to obstruct the rational and illuminating hypothesis which would trace the poetic creations of the world to their true source in abstract philosophy. It has been said that Bacon and Spencer show little or no humour in their treatises; and in their fictions few traces of a fondness for particular phrases and illustrations, which in their other writings they seem powerless to resist. But we would submit

that these two great men have always been fully aware that a philosophic essay is not the fitting place for jests, and that a humorous or pathetic fiction is not the fitting place for indulgence in an irresistible fondness for particular phrases and illustrations. It has been said also that since the death of Mr. Dickens Mr. Spencer has not thought fit to give us any more novels. Can it be necessary to repeat that by 1616 and 1870 respectively both Francis Bacon and Herbert Spencer had established their position as philosophers and publicists, and had no further occasion to pour out the wild and bitter humour of their hearts in such creations as Dogberry or Micawber?

Is not the tendency of all the earlier novels, from 'Nicholas Nickleby' to 'David Copperfield,' the exposure of official interference and tyranny, the passionate defence of individual rights? And is not this precisely the teaching of 'Social Statics' (1851)? Is there not again, beginning from 'Bleak House,' a distinct modification in aim, an endeavour to rouse officialism to a greater activity? And is not this the precise modification to be found in Mr. Spencer's social essays between 1850 and 1860? When 'Little Dorrit' (1857) gave us the satire on the Circumlocution Office, it gave us also the character of Merdle, the fraudulent speculator. And two years later, in 1859, Mr. Spencer published an article on 'The Morals of Trade,' which protests in almost the same language against that adulation of mere success, which had been pilloried in the Bar, Bishop, &c., of 'Little Dorrit.' It might be said, indeed, that the same events may produce on two different minds an almost identical impression. We consider such cavils too frivolous for serious notice. And what would the cavillers say to the close similarity of thought in the following passages?—

"Doubtless very often, as Mr. Bain says, 'it is the coerced form of seriousness and solemnity without the

reality that gives us that stiff position from which a contact with triviality or vulgarity relieves us, to our uproarious delight."

*Our uproarious delight!* Compare with this the following:—

"Here," that is to say, at the reference to himself in Mr. Tupples speech, "Mr. Dibble, junior, who has been previously distending his mouth to a considerable width by thrusting a particularly fine orange into that feature, suspends operations, and assumes a proper appearance of intense melancholy."

The former passage is from an article on the 'Physiology of Laughter' published by Mr. Spencer in this magazine for March, 1860. The latter is from 'New Year,' one of the 'Boz' sketches. Thus truly is the child the father of the man. That the actual observation was Professor Bain's is nothing. For several of the observations common to the essays and plays of Bacon were originally Montaigne's, or some other's. But, as

Jack Bunsby remarks, "the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it."

We consider that we have established our case. If any one thinks otherwise let him ask himself if he considers that the important truths in psychology and sociology, which we have briefly indicated, were likely to have been discovered by the man who was told by a scene-shifter that it was a loss to the "profession" when he took to writing books! The man of jovial good-fellowship and pedestrian powers! None of the products of Nature are, according to Aristotle, like the Delphian knife, that serves all purposes equally. And we may be sure that stage-management, pedestrianism, and good-fellowship are not likely to be accompanied by the gift of original creation. Why, these are the very qualities and accomplishments that have been more than suspected in that illiterate *impresario* Master William Shakespeare, of New Place, Stratford-on-Avon!

#### THE POPLARS.

Shivering and wretchedly three poplars tall  
Sway in the twilight of a city high,  
Mire at their feet, above them cloudy sky,  
Girt by the limits of a meagre wall  
O'er which the thin gloom of their shadows fall.  
And yet beyond them, hid from mortal eye,  
The East's mysterious magic gardens lie,  
Where the rapt nightingales for ever call  
From bowering rose and myrtle. At a gate,  
Unseen by men, an Ethiop doth stand,  
Finger on lip, to lead me through the land  
To the dim vastness of cool courts, where late  
Watches unearthly Beauty. Ah! there be  
Spells subtle woven by those wizards three!

## THE LAIRD OF REDGAUNTLET.

A FAMOUS critic has reminded us that it is often useful to turn from the contemplation of the great figures of the past to others of less power and fame, but still capable, each after its light, of teaching us something, if only we know how to get at it, and how to use it. Leaving their educational value alone for the moment, there is certainly some entertainment to be got from these occasional rambles through the by-paths and bridle-roads of history, and some refreshment, too. The eye, says the poet, grows weary with too much gazing on the great. How often, strolling perhaps somewhat listlessly through the spacious portrait galleries of the past, how often one pauses with a fresh sense of interest before some unfamiliar figure, blurred by time and unrecorded in the catalogue, peeping with something, as one fancies, of an apologetic air from out the gorgeous crowd around it, kings and statesmen, priests and soldiers, men of letters and men of affairs,

"Stately dames, like queens attended, knights  
who wore the Fleece of Gold."

"Bow thy head to a great man," counsels the wise son of Sirach; but a smaller man will sometimes prove the better company.

The figure we have in our eye cannot certainly be called good company in the sense commonly given to the phrase by parents and guardians. He was, indeed, found extremely bad company by most who had dealings with him. His educational value for us is slight; though no doubt the familiar, but always instructive, moral of the inevitable punishment of the wicked might be re-pointed from his tale, and indirectly he might furnish a text for a discourse on the ways of historians.

But he was on his own stage and in his own time a considerable figure, though the general memory of his performances has been almost eclipsed by those of a more illustrious contemporary, to whom, indeed, many of the former are now attributed; for history—or, rather, an historian, which is not always the same thing—acting possibly on the principle that to him who hath more shall be given, has assigned to John Graham of Claverhouse many of the acts and much of the obloquy that belong by right to Sir Robert Grierson of Lag.

And Grierson has another interest for us, of a more romantic and, historically, less disreputable kind. It was in a tradition current about him in the early years of this century, and still, or till very lately, lingering in the western lowlands of Scotland, that Sir Walter Scott found the materials for that incomparable tale with which Wandering Willie beguiles the way to Brokenburn-foot. And it was another of the family who sat (unconsciously, let us hope, for the artist's sake) for the portrait of the elder Redgauntlet, the rugged and dangerous Herries of Birrenswork. Sir Robert Grierson, fifth baronet, commonly known as old Ro. Grierson, from his signature, so strangely like that of the old Laird's, was an acquaintance of Scott's. He had been a soldier, but retired early from the service, and lived, it is said, to draw his half-pay as a lieutenant for more than three-quarters of a century. A well-mannered, not unkindly man at ordinary times, he was subject to violent fits of temper, and in those fits the horse-shoe, the mark of all the Redgauntlet race, is said to have come out with fatal clearness on his forehead. He survived Scott seven years, dying

in 1839 at the patriarchal age of one hundred and two.

The records of the grim old hero of the blind fiddler's tale and of his line, all of course staunch Jacobites to a man, the facts of history and the fancies of tradition, have been gathered and preserved for us by the industry of Colonel Fergusson.<sup>1</sup> He has before now done good work this way, which will be remembered, let us trust, to his credit some day (if such be ever destined to dawn) when our countrymen have leisure again and inclination to concern themselves with other affairs than those of the passing hour. Meanwhile we may be content to imagine him, as he, no doubt, is content to be, a second Monk barns, rejoicing in his "ancient peaceful quiet dust," even though, unlike that amiable but hasty old gentleman, he find none to care about disturbing it. In one way, at any rate, he is shrewder than Monk barns. Antiquary though he be, he cherishes no illusions about Aiken Drum's lang ladle; and, warned possibly by his forerunner's disappointment, is careful to publish no tract till he has "examined the thing to the bottom."

Robert Grierson of Lag, the first baronet of the name, was the son of William Grierson of Barquhar, the second son of Sir Robert Grierson, Knight, of Lag. His cousin Robert dying while yet a minor, he succeeded to the estates in 1669. The family had held land in Dumfriesshire and Galloway since the fifteenth century. One of them had been wounded at Sauchieburn, fighting probably against his king, and another had died by the side of his king at Flodden. At the close of the sixteenth century a Lag had ridden with the Maxwells on that fatal day when their chief, the great Lord of Nithsdale and Warden of the Western Marches, tried conclusions

with the "gentle" Johnstones of Annandale on the sands of Dryffe.<sup>2</sup> Early in the seventeenth century the name of Grierson appears in the list of Commissioners of both nations appointed by James to keep the peace on the Borders; and this Sir Robert was the grandfather of the old Laird of Lag whose story Colonel Fergusson has written for us.

Lag first finds a place in history by the side of Claverhouse. At the close of the year 1678 the latter had returned to Scotland, and had at once been appointed to one of the three regiments of dragoons then newly raised in the western shires. The wild Westland Whigs, as the Covenanters were then popularly styled in Edinburgh, had fairly turned to bay at last. The gentler measures with which Charles, shocked into a momentary sense of pity, had sought to atone for the brutal punishment of the Pentland rising, had come too late. The savage burst of persecution, into which the years of vague bullying following the Restoration had then burst, had goaded the stubborn sons of the old Remonstrants of the Mauchline Convention into a fury as wild and unreasoning as that of their persecutors. Every fresh concession, or offer of concession, was regarded as only designed to open a way for fresh possibilities of persecution, as a snare set to catch bodies as well as souls. The gentle Leighton and his "curates" were regarded with almost as much detestation as the apostate Sharp and the ruffians of Dalziel. The refusal of the gentry of Renfrew and Ayrshire to give bail that their servants and tenants should abstain from all dealings with intercommuned persons, as well as from personal attendance on conventicles, gave Lauderdale the opportunity which many began then to suspect he

<sup>2</sup> See the fine old ballad of 'Lord Maxwell's Good-night.'

"Adieu ! Drumlanrig, false wert aye,  
And Closeburn in a band !  
The Laird of Lag frae my father that fled  
When the Johnstone struck off his hand!"

<sup>1</sup> 'The Laird of Lag, a Life Sketch,' by Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Fergusson, Author of 'Henry Erskine and his Kinsfolk,' 'Mrs. Calderwood's Letters,' &c. Edinburgh, 1886.

had been doing his best to make. The west was declared in a state of insurrection. An Irish force was assembled at Belfast, an English force was marched to the Border; but better tools were found nearer to hand. Eight thousand savages—for as such the Highlanders were then commonly regarded, their employment, as was that also of the Irish kerns, being indeed notoriously contrary to the rules of war—were let loose on the refractory districts. The effect was, perhaps, not all that had been anticipated, for only one life, it is said, was lost, and that the life of a Highlander. But during two months these marauders lived at free quarters on friend and foe alike, and when at last even the Council saw that it was expedient to get rid of them, they returned to their own country laden with spoil such as they had never dreamed of, and of the use of which they were as ignorant as a Red Indian or a negro.

The skirmish at Drumclog was, however, the real beginning of the rebellion. Lag was not present on that day, but he had already met Claverhouse. A few days before the end of the previous year that officer had been summoned by the regular clergy (who were as bitter against the Whigs as Lag himself or Lauderdale) to demolish a meeting-house which had been raised by the charity of certain ladies at the western end of the bridge of Dumfries. He had declined, on the plea that his orders confined him to Dumfries and Annandale, and had sent to Linlithgow, then commander-in-chief of the royal forces in Scotland, for further instructions. Lag, who held authority as a principal land-holder in those parts, besides being a deputy-sheriff in Wigtownshire, was accordingly sent to the scene, and under his supervision the offending conventicle, “a good large house, of about sixty foot of length, and betwixt twenty and thirty broad,” was quickly demolished.

During the terrible summer of 1679, which saw the battles of Drumclog

and Bothwell Bridge, and the murder on Magus Muir, we get no certain glimpse of Lag. But from the Dumfries Council minutes, and from Claverhouse's letters, it is clear that he was proving himself an active magistrate. He opened a military court of justice at Kirkcudbright, of which shire he was then steward in conjunction with Claverhouse, and another in the parish church of Carsphairn, for the purpose of enforcing the Test Act of 1681, and the Act of 1683, which made owning the Covenant and unsatisfactory answers concerning the matters of Bothwell Bridge and Sharp's murder capital offences, and ordered that all sentences of death were to be executed within three hours of the verdict. Two years later followed a fresh Declaration from the Cameronians,<sup>1</sup> which was met in turn by the Abjuration Oath, which conferred a certificate of loyalty on all who took it, and instant death on all who refused it. The next three years, the three years of James's reign, were for long known in Scotland as “the killing time.” Among the foremost of those who perished at this time was Baillie of Jerviswood, one of the victims of Fergusson “the Plotter,” a man, as Burnet has de-

<sup>1</sup> This body, the Extreme Left of the Covenanters, received its name from Richard Cameron. Its first public act was the proclamation known as the Sanquhar Declaration, from having been nailed to the market cross of that town on the twenty-second of June, 1680. A month later they were defeated by Bruce of Earllshall, Claverhouse's lieutenant, at Aird's Moss in Ayrshire. Cameron was killed in the struggle, and Hackston of Rathillet, one of Sharp's murderers, taken prisoner, and executed in circumstances of great cruelty at Edinburgh. Donald Cargill became then the leader of the party, and in the autumn of that year he publicly pronounced sentence of excommunication against the king, the Duke of York, Monmouth, Lauderdale, and certain others in authority. Not long afterwards he, too, shared Hackston's fate, and Renwick was then advanced to the perilous position of chief of the Hill-men or Society men, as the Cameronians were indifferently called. He was one of the last victims of “the killing time,” being executed but a few months before James fled from England.

scribed him, "of many parts and still more virtues," who was undoubtedly in sympathy with Argyle and the refugees in Holland, but was, as every one knew well, the last of men to have had any share in the plots either of the Rye House or the Assassination. He was, however, tried, convicted, and executed on evidence which, to borrow the words of Halifax on a similar occasion, was not sufficient to hang a dog on. Another of the sufferers, though he was allowed to keep his head at the expense of his estate, was Sir William Scott of Harden, one of the ancestors of the author of '*Old Mortality*' and '*Redgauntlet*'. James, who in 1681 had succeeded Lauderdale in the administration of Scotch affairs, when summoned to England by the illness of the king had declared that "there would never be peace in Scotland till the whole of the country south of the Forth was turned into a hunting-ground." His agents were certainly doing their best to verify the royal judgment.

And among them none at this time was more active than Lag. One of Lauderdale's first acts on his appointment as Lord High Commissioner in 1669 had been to give to the local militia, which had at the Restoration taken the place of the royal troops, all the duties and privileges of a standing army. In 1678, when it was found necessary to send fresh troops into the western shires, this militia was embodied, under its local leaders, with the royal forces, and according to the historians of the Covenanters it was the men under the immediate command of Lag who indulged in the peculiar practices ascribed by Macaulay to Claverhouse's dragoons. In a passage familiar to every one he has described them as relieving their hours of duty by revels in which they mocked the torments of hell, calling each other by the names of devils and damned souls. For this information he has quoted the authority of Wodrow, but the sense of Wodrow's words, as must have been

perfectly clear to Macaulay, points to the militia of Lag rather than to the regulars of Claverhouse as the heroes of this startling form of relaxation. And in a work a little later than Wodrow's, but very similar in style and of about equal trustworthiness, in the '*Biographia Scoticana*' of John Howie, Lag, who figures as "a prime hero for the promoting of Satan's kingdom," is directly named as the chief performer in these revels. "Such," it is said, "was their audacious impiety, that he, with the rest of his boon companions and persecutors, would, over their drunken bowls, feign themselves devils and those whom they supposed in hell, and then whip one another, as a jest upon that place of torment." And then the pious biographer goes on to give, in the remarkably straightforward language of his class and time, other particulars of Lag's life and habits, which it is neither necessary nor convenient to quote. As a matter of fact there seems no reason to suppose that Lag was pre-eminent among his fellows for an evil life and conversation, though there is a story of his so grossly insulting Lord Kenmure that even the authority of Claverhouse could hardly keep the peace; and once, on being asked by one of his victims for a few minutes' respite for prayer, he is reported to have made answer, "What a devil have you been doing so many years in these hills—have you not prayed enough?" But the times were certainly not delicate; and the stories of Middleton and his drunken parliament show that no very grave scandal was supposed to belong even to the most public breach of decorum. On the other hand, the sobriety and cleanliness of Claverhouse's life were always quoted even by his bitterest foes as curious and signal facts in a man of his quality and position. And this might in itself be enough to seriously weaken Macaulay's charge, were no absolute disproof forthcoming. A captain cannot of course, be always looking after his soldiers' morals and manners, but

it is abundantly clear that Claverhouse was one of the sternest disciplinarians that ever took or gave orders ; and as he was, during these years at any rate, thrown into unusually close personal contact with his men, it is unlikely that their opportunities for relaxation such as their commander would certainly not have countenanced can have been many. It would only be to meet the counsel for the prosecution at their own game to go a step farther, and, on the good old theory of like master like man, question whether the men under Claverhouse's command would not probably have contented themselves with some more decorous form of pastime.

But no one, of course, except for his own purposes, would seriously take the historians of the Covenanters as incontestable witnesses to the characters of the Cavaliers. Whatever Lag's private character may have been, there is no doubt whatever about his public one. It was as bad as bad could be. As a man of weight and mark in the country, and in high favour with the Council of Edinburgh for his energy and administrative parts, no doubt he bore on his shoulders the burden of many misdeeds for which he was not personally responsible. So Claverhouse has borne on his shoulders for the last two centuries the burden of many of Lag's misdeeds ; and among these the most notorious is that popularly known as the case of the Wigtown martyrs.

The responsibility of Claverhouse for this affair again rests, we are sorry to have to say, with Macaulay. After the passage referred to above, in which he first brings John Graham on the stage, as "a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper, and of obdurate heart," who "has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred," Macaulay proceeds to give instances of the crimes

by which he goaded the peasantry of the western lowlands into madness—an operation, it may in passing be observed, which had been performed just two years before young Graham had left the university of Saint Andrews.

With two out of the four he has selected, Claverhouse had no more to do than Richard Cameron, who had been five years in his grave, or Robert Wodrow, who was just five years old. For the worse of these two, the case of the Wigtown martyrs, the responsibility rests with Lag and David Graham, brother of John, who was then sheriff of Galloway and one of the Lords Justices of Wigtownshire, but primarily with Lag. Macaulay does not, indeed, directly name Claverhouse as responsible for the deaths of Margaret MacLachlan and Margaret Wilson, but the sense of the context is, designedly or not, inevitable.

It is a curious point in connection with this affair that, after all the horror and indignation the story of the cruel deed has aroused for upwards of two centuries, there should be no certain proof that it was ever committed. The tribunal, before which the two women (and a third unnamed prisoner who seems to have been acquitted) were brought, was composed of Lag, David Graham, Major Windram, Captain Strachan, and Provost Cultrain. The day of the trial was April the thirteenth, and on the thirtieth of the same month a reprieve was sent down from the Privy Council at Edinburgh, pending the answer of the Secretaries of State to a recommendation for pardon. After this all is a blank for five and twenty years. Some time between 1708 and 1711 the General Assembly of the Scotch Church determined to collect particulars of the late persecution, and the record of the Kirk Session of the parish of Penninghame, which professes to narrate this particular case, is dated in the latter year. There is no mention of it in the minutes of the burgh of Wigtown ; and writers such as Mackenzie, the

Lord Advocate, before whom the case must have come, and Fountainhall, are equally silent. Patrick Walker, the most scurrilous and bitter of all the Covenanting scribes, after abusing Lag for the crime in language which John Howie's own Lag could hardly have bettered, owns that the story was not universally believed. On the other hand there is the evidence of tradition only; but it is the evidence of a tradition that has been faithfully preserved by generation after generation for two hundred years, and preserved with an amplitude and minuteness of detail such as it is hard to believe the sheer fabrication of a furious and frightened peasantry. Colonel Fergusson has recorded one touch of terrible picturesqueness. Many years after that cruel scene on the Solway sands, an old broken-down man used to wander about the streets of Wigtown, bearing on his shoulders a pitcher of water from which he was ever seeking to quench an intolerable thirst. Every one knew and shunned him, for the cause of his strange disease was common talk. He had been the town-officer of Wigtown, and when the youngest of the two martyrs had been lifted for a moment above the rising tide to give her one more chance of life by uttering the few necessary words of abjuration, he had, on her refusal, thrust her down again with his halberd, bidding her take another drink with her gossips, the crabs. And to the evidence of tradition must be added the evidence of a stone in the churchyard of Wigtown, which, as far back as 1714, marked the grave of Margaret Wilson, "who was drowned in the water of the Blednock, upon the eleventh of May, 1684 (5), by the Laird of Lag." That Wodrow employed the pencil of tradition to illustrate his melancholy tale, and that Macaulay, as his fashion was, heightened the primitive touches of Wodrow, no one would dispute; but that the whole affair should be sheer fiction seems impossible. It is, however, a story which those who will

accept nothing that cannot be proved with mathematical certainty will always find arguments for doubting. We, for our part, are not concerned any further to renew a controversy once so eagerly waged,<sup>1</sup> but now well-nigh perhaps forgotten. To such of our readers as may be still curious on the point Colonel Fergusson's book will afford the means of forming their own conclusions without prejudice; for he himself, with a restraint perhaps unprecedented in history, entirely declines to commit himself to either side—a piece of wisdom in which we shall take the liberty of imitating him.

These three years, from 1685 to 1688, form, as one may say, Lag's flowering-time. But the record of the old ruffian's deeds soon grows as monotonous as revolting, and our readers will probably thank us for again imitating Colonel Fergusson—or even, as we are not writing a book, for improving on his example—and refraining even earlier than he does from exhausting their patience. For a wonder James proved no ungrateful master. He conferred on Lag a baronetcy and a pension of two hundred pounds: the latter he was not suffered long to enjoy.

On the fourth of April, 1689, the Estates passed a vote declaring that James had forfeited his right to the crown, and that the throne was accordingly vacant. This was followed a week later by a Claim of Right, enlarging on the reasons of that forfeiture, and an offer of the crown to William and Mary. Among the great Scotch nobles who, while caring little for the political liberty of their country, would resist every attack on the Protestant religion, was the Duke of Queensberry, Lag's brother-in-law.<sup>2</sup> He had in consequence been stripped

<sup>1</sup> In the pages of this Magazine among other places. See an article on 'The Wigtown Martyrs,' by the late Principal Tulloch, in December, 1862.

<sup>2</sup> Lag had married the Lady Henrietta Douglas, Queensberry's sister.

of all his employments, but nevertheless had stood by his king so long as there had been a king for him to stand by. He had returned to Scotland when William reached London, and had at first been regarded by those members of the Estates who still remained loyal to James as their most capable leader. But Queensberry had no intention of risking his life in a lost cause. On the motion for declaring the throne vacant he would not vote ; but when the motion had been passed he gave his voice willingly to the proposition that William was the proper person to fill the vacancy. Queensberry and Lag had always been good friends, and had the latter chosen to keep quiet, his brother-in-law's influence would probably have served to protect him from his many enemies. But he stoutly refused to take the oath of allegiance, standing apart from trimmers like Athol, from disappointed place-hunters like Montgomery and Annandale, and from the open adherents of William like Queensberry and Hamilton. It was not likely that such a man would be left to drink his toasts over the water in peace. Through the most part of William's reign his story is one of perpetual fines and imprisonments. Nor had he the fortune of his former colleague in the chance of proving himself fit for something better than hunting peasants to death. Through the wild summer that followed Claverhouse's defiance to the Convention, Lag lay among a crowd of prisoners in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, packed as close as negroes in a slaver's hold and in much the same plight, in daily peril of a death far less glorious than that Dundee found in the Pass of Killiecrankie.<sup>1</sup> But, perhaps, the cruellest blow that the proud impetuous old man suffered was from an

action, too frivolous indeed to need any defence, brought against him seven years later for uttering false coin. It seems that he had let his house at Rockhall to an engraver who was also interested in a new device for stamping patterns on linen. The case broke completely down, but Lag's fury, as his biographer observes, may be easier imagined than described.

At this point he disappears from public record, though he lived on till 1733, a savage, gloomy old man in the same house at Rockhall, a lonely three-storied building a few miles south of Dumfries on the English road, looking over Solway Firth to the hills of Cumberland. His eldest son William, to whom he had two years previously made over his estates, was out in "the Fifteen," and only escaped with a heavy fine. But Lag had so craftily worded the deed of entail that he was enabled to escape the penalty of his son's treason. In fact, as far as worldly prosperity goes, both he and his family fared much better than they could reasonably have hoped.

The active hate he had once inspired had now died down into monstrous traditions which are still not wholly extinct. From the ceiling of a room on the ground floor of the house at Rockhall, now used as a wine-cellar, still hangs an iron hook twelve inches long from which the old tyrant is said to have hung his Covenanting prisoners ; and a hill in the neighbourhood is still pointed out as that down which he used for his amusement to roll them in a barrel full of spikes and knife-blades, after a fashion believed to have been invented by the Carthaginians nearly two thousand years earlier for the special behoof of a Roman consul. It was also said of him, as of another Sir Robert—Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelton—that a cup of wine had once tured to blood in his hand. Of course there was keen curiosity among the rising generation for a glimpse of the grim old man of whom their fathers had such dreadful memories. On one occasion, a lad, full of

<sup>1</sup> The minutes of the Privy Council for the twenty-eighth of August, 1689, show a petition from Lag, praying to be released from an imprisonment which had lasted since the eighth of July, on the ground that his health had suffered from a malignant fever which had broken out in the jail.

this curiosity, got leave to carry a load of faggots into the hall where Lag was used to sit all day cowering over a huge fire. As the boy entered, the old man, well knowing the popular feeling, turned on him, and, bending his brows into the fatal horse-shoe, said, in a voice whose harshness even fourscore years had not wholly quenched, "Ony Whigs in Gallowa' noo, lad?" The boy dropped his load and scuttled from the hall as though the devil indeed had been after him.

Lag died on the last day of the year 1733, in his house at Dumfries. As his end drew near he was sorely tormented with the gout, and the story goes that relays of servants were posted from his door to the Nith, some two hundred yards away, to hand up buckets from the fresh stream to cool his fiery torments; and that the moment his feet touched the water *it began to hiss and smoke!* So, as every one knows—for we reject as too gross a libel even on this generation the thought that there can be any one who does not know his Scott—so bubbled and sparkled like a seething cauldron the water into which Redgauntlet plunged his swollen feet on the awful day when Willie Steenson's father last saw him alive. And here we may note a curious piece of family history Colonel Fergusson has recorded: the last paper to which old Lag ever put his name was a *receipt for some back arrears of rent*; and the paper is among the family archives at this day.

But we have not space to go through all the legends coined about this fell old creature. Colonel Fergusson's book will feed all further curiosity full. And let him who has such curiosity be careful not to miss the chapter on 'Lag's Elegy,' that scathing diatribe on the protagonists of "the killing time" which Carlyle has told us in his 'Reminiscences' was the work of old John Orr, the dominie of Hoddam parish, of whom he had often heard his father talk as a man "religious

and enthusiastic, though in practice irregular with drink." How fresh still in his own childhood was the memory of Lag our author gives an extremely curious instance, which will best be told in his own language:—

"Some forty years ago, or more, it was common in many of the houses in Dumfriesshire and Galloway to commemorate annually the evil deeds of the Laird of Lag. They used to represent him in shape of beast as hideous as the ingenuity of the performer entrusted with the part could make it, without wandering far, however, from a conventional model, which it was understood should be adhered to. This is how it was done in my mother's house, and we were singularly fortunate in possessing in an old nurse, Margaret Edgar, an *artiste* who had made the part her own, and her name famous by reason of her wonderful impersonation. She was known throughout the country-side for the manner in which she could 'play Lag,' as the phrase went. Her make-up and her acting were excellent alike. In dressing for the part she used to take a sheet, or blanket, or some such covering, which was drawn over her head and body, only the feet and hands being left out. But the one chief point, on which the individuality of the monster depended, was the head, which was invariably composed in one way, no scope for fancy being permitted. The kitchen implement called in Scotland a 'potato beetle,' which is a large wooden pestle, the handle pretty thick, and between two and three feet long, and ending in a ponderous oval head, was entirely covered by strips of cloth being wrapped round it. Eyes were drawn upon it, and pieces of fur sewed on for eyebrows; long ears and a mouth were added, the long handle of the instrument forming an imposing proboscis. This structure was fastened to the head of the performer, who moved on hands and knees; the result was a quadruped resembling a combination of the tapir of Borneo and South American ant-eater, strongly conveying an impression as of a character escaped from a mediæval miracle-play. The Abbot of Unreason would have been proud of such an attendant in his train. . . . Margaret Edgar possessed the skill needed to give life-like movements to the beast, and to keep up the character of *ferreting and listening* implied by the long nose and ears. She threw into her reading of the part an amount of cat-like inquisitiveness and a determination recalling the restless and unwearying malignity of the original that made the blood run cold of old and young. The head and dress being in readiness, a suitable night had to be chosen for the appearance of the Laird, usually about the time of Halloween, when minds are attune with things unearthly. On some dark November night—for there was

some artistic feeling displayed—when the wind off the Solway swept in gusts off the dismal and dangerous Lochar Moss, making the branches of trees to groan, and the windows of the old house rattle, the Laird of Lag might be looked for. Then, the company seated, and the dining-room being left sufficiently dim and mysterious by the unsnuffed light of a couple of the miserable ‘moulded’ candles of those days, a moaning most melancholy is heard, and anon the door is slowly opened, and the end of Lag’s long nose appears, then the glaring eyes and long ears of the creature, who proceeds, with stealthy steps and head on one side, to listen for sounds of a house-conventicle, and to smell out Covenanters under the sideboard and other likely places. The performance usually ends with an attempt to pounce on and capture a little *Whig body* with frills round her ankles

according to the fashion of the period. The memories of Drumclog were all unavailing in the presence of this fell prelatic beast.”

To this description is appended a picture of Miss Edgar in the character of Lag, and certainly the “make-up” would not discredit even this age of theatrical ingenuity. Old Sir Robert Redgauntlet himself could not have looked more “gash and ghastly” as he lay wrapped in his velvet gown with his gouty feet on a cradle, and Major Weir grinning opposite to him in a red-laced coat and the laird’s own wig on its ill-favoured head.

## NOT GLAD, NOR SAD.

You sang a little song to-day,  
 It was not sad, it was not gay,  
 The very theme was nigh out-worn :  
 Two lovers met, as lovers may,  
 They had not met—since yesterday—  
 They must not meet again—till morn !

And did they meet again, my dear ?—  
 Did morning come and find them here,  
 To see each other's eyes again ?  
 Alas, on *that* you are not clear,  
 For hearts will shift as winds will veer,  
 And Love can veer like any vane !

Ah no, I think some sudden craze,  
 Some bitter spite befell their days,—  
 What was that plaintive minor for ?  
 No more together lie their ways,  
 Remote, perhaps, the lover strays,  
 Perhaps the lady comes no more !

So strange the numbers sob and swell ;  
 No, there's no guessing what befell ;  
 It is the sweetest song you sing !  
 Not sad, and yet—I cannot tell,—  
 Not glad, and yet—'tis very well—  
 Like Love, like Life, like anything !

## ARCHÆOLOGY IN THE THEATRE.

WHAT are the principles by which the modern manager can put Shakespeare on the stage to the very best advantage? The question is pretty frequently asked without receiving any definite answer; and, for the matter of that, it is likely to revive as often as the Shakespearean drama itself, in theatrical parlance, "revives." The aim of every stage-manager who has any tincture of ambition in him, being above all things to achieve distinction by means of the Shakespearean drama; and a novel interpretation of the text, a conception, that is to say, of its real significance different from that which is ordinarily held, not being always obtainable, the most usual plan to attract public attention is to contrive some striking innovation in the way the piece is mounted. If it be true that each generation must have its special Hamlet, it is at least equally true that each Hamlet must have his special surroundings; and so, from time to time, the question how to represent Shakespeare most satisfactorily for a modern audience comes to have fresh interest for all who have any love for the play.

There are some people, to be sure, who will have it that the answer is of little or no importance, and that it is the acting only, and not the scenery or the costumes or the stage carpentering, with which we should concern ourselves. Of certain plays this may be true; but surely to assert it generally of all plays is to overlook the real distinction between the modern, or Shakespearean, drama and the drama of the Greeks. The Shakespearean drama is eminently picturesque; that is to say, the impression it studies to produce being largely due to the circumstances, the accessories, the accidents, as it were, of the plot, as well as to the development of the main

idea, it must needs affect a variety of incident, a novelty in the scenery and surroundings of the action, and a proportionate care for detail, such as ancient tragedy could well afford to dispense with. Though there are of course exceptions—exceptions which serve, for example, to make Æschylus appear more modern in many ways than Sophocles, and Aristophanes more modern than either, yet on the whole the simplicity and reserve of the Greek genius are nowhere, probably, so conspicuous as in the Greek drama.

Prometheus on his rock, the monsters that draw the car of Oceanus, the dreadful locks of the Erinnies, or again, the outlandish appearance of the Aristophanic chorus, the lion skin on Dionysus's shoulders, and the basket from which Socrates discourses philosophy—these are modern touches that bring the drama of the ancients home to us, foretastes as it were of the Elizabethan method, which one greets with a pleasant sense of familiarity, but unquestionably they are exceptional. A Greek dramatist was as a rule too fast bound by the conventions of the stage to indulge in many such eccentricities. The hero of one of those old tragedies must have looked very like the hero of another; and in the trailing robes, the masks modelled on strictly preserved types, and the measured declamation of the actors, deviations from the normal arrangement were rarely allowed to distract attention from the central action of the story.

With Shakespeare on the other hand (not to speak of his contemporaries) externals were all-important; and this, whether one looks at the plays from the standpoint of the literary critic or that of the stage-manager. In both cases the same method is unmistakable; one sees a

determination to make all manner of details, accessories, non-essentials, serve a particular purpose, and to handle them in such a manner that, far from diminishing, they may rather aid and heighten the main effect. Thus Juliet's nurse, the porter in 'Macbeth,' and the gardener who reads a lesson to King Richard's Queen, are just as much, and in a sense just as little, externals as the colour of Othello's face or the fashion of Malvolio's hose. The minor parts of many of Shakespeare's plays may be said, it is true, to be mere circumstances, unnecessary for the development of the dramatic idea; but, on the other hand, the genius of the dramatist weaves them into so close a connection with his fable, as to give them a very special and peculiar importance, which cannot be overlooked in any stage representation; and among the externals of the Shakespearean drama costume plays a by no means insignificant part.

Considered as means to deepen the tragic irony of young Hamlet's position, or the pathos that clings round an outcast king, Lear's 'lendings' and the well-known suit of sables are quite as genuinely dramatic—contribute quite as really to the expression of the dramatist's conception, as the more purely literary devices of introducing in the one play the faithful fool, and in the other the gravediggers, the first player, the judicious Horatio, and above all the pushing and determined Prince of Norway. Stage renderings of Hamlet's character have indeed, in most instances, lost enormously by lacking the contrast, so strikingly emphasised at every turn in the play itself, with the fiery, martial spirit whose triumphant entry at the last supplies what is perhaps the most solemn and tremendous close that could be imagined, to the bloody and bewildering scene on which, as matters now are, the curtain is usually allowed to drop; the gap caused by the omission in most acting versions of the part of Fortinbras is immense, and yet the loss would scarcely

be less, as far as the stage effect is concerned, if Hamlet were to be deprived of that distinctive costume which from the first marks him out from among the gay crowd of courtiers.

Costume then may be made, and should be made, intensely dramatic.

The question really is, how it can be made most dramatic. What, in fact, is the principle on which the Shakespearean drama can be most satisfactorily put on the stage? The question will, as we have said, receive a different answer in different ages; the answer which is most in favour to-day, if we may judge from recent Shakespearean revivals, is eminently characteristic of a scientific age, and is based on what may be called a theory of historical realism. Now it seems reasonable enough to argue that every play must needs be laid in some country and at some period, or at least must recall some country or some period more unmistakably than any other; and that, having once determined these, the stage-manager has next to do his utmost to realise them by every means possible, to spare no pains to make the scenery and surroundings of the action historically harmonious, to look on every detail as an occasion for adding a touch to the verisimilitude of the whole, and to throw himself into the arms of archaeology as his best and surest friend. And this is, as a matter of fact, what we frequently see. Archaeology, growing daily more popular, has made the Shakespearean stage its own; and a generation that does not mind paying handsomely for historical accuracy congratulates itself on the invasion.

Modern audiences seem content to put up with long, wearisome intervals between the acts, with a complete rearrangement of the scenes and even with an excision of many of them, if what remains be given with sufficient pomp and splendour of antiquarian display.

It is the theory on which this practice is founded that we now propose to examine; and at the outset

we may, perhaps, take as an axiom that the effect which the mounting of a drama serves to intensify must be the effect which the drama itself was intended to produce; if playwright and stage-manager are at cross purposes their efforts will only be mutually destructive. This is no doubt a truism, but it is a truism that is constantly overlooked in practice. Every stage-manager as a matter of course professes to do his best to attain the effect which Shakespeare had in his mind; but to determine this in the case of any one of his plays, classical, historical or romantic, tragedy or comedy, it will not do to go no further than the names of the characters, their nationality, or the age in which they lived. Because Shakespeare wrote of the reign of King John, we must not lightly assume that the reign of King John was associated in his mind with the same ideas we have learnt to associate with it, ideas which are the growth of three centuries of history-writing, and have been crystallised, as it were, from a vast and undefined mass of knowledge which in the sixteenth century had no existence at all. To take a crucial instance, the Great Charter, which to a modern Englishman is the prominent feature of John's reign, forms no part of Shakespeare's conception of the period as we know it from his writings; for the truth is that the notions represented in any play whatsoever written three hundred years ago must necessarily be widely different from those which would influence the writer of a similar play to-day.

Thus we shall not be greatly helped towards the solution of the problem how 'Julius Cæsar' or 'Coriolanus' can be represented with the best possible results, by taking account of the success achieved by such a play as 'Claudian,' mounted with immense parade of archaeological accuracy, and forming certainly a succession of very striking pictures. In a few of Shakespeare's plays possibly no archaeological truth may be violated; but if this is

so in any case, we cannot but feel that it is by a mere chance—that Shakespeare, so long as he secured his dramatic effect, cared little for historical consistency in the details, and that, had he really concerned himself about such things, he would scarcely have put a quotation from Aristotle in the mouth of Trojan Hector. "Small Latin and less Greek" he may have had, but he knew better than that, had he thought about the matter at all.

It will be said, however, that taste having changed since his time, we should as far as possible accommodate his plays to the growing passion for accuracy in historical details; and that the scenic splendour of which Shakespeare never dreamed satisfies modern needs without injuring the dramatic effect he aimed at. Such a contention challenges careful inquiry: and, indeed, Shakespeare's plays are so diverse in character that perhaps the difficulty of stage representation can only be settled for each separately. For our present purpose, then, we will divide the plays roughly and unscientifically into four classes: the classical, the historical, the romantic, and the pseudo-historical, and consider how the realistic theory works when applied to each in turn.

With regard to the first class it might seem at first sight reasonable enough. 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Coriolanus' and 'Antony and Cleopatra' are undeniably instinct with the true classical spirit; such trivial anachronisms as the mention of clocks, sennets, night-caps, and chimney-pots, do nothing, of course, to spoil the general impression. The characters are Roman to the core—perhaps not quite unimpeachable from the historian's point of view, but on the stage the historian's point of view is unimportant; and Shakespeare's Brutus and Caius Marcus and Volumnia, true as they are to nature, and, what is more, true to the antique Roman temper with which we are most intimately acquainted, impress us with a far livelier

sense of their reality than could ever be inspired by what is left of these personages in history, now that the fierce storms of professorial controversy have done their utmost to reduce them to shreds and fragments. Shakespeare, at least, lived before the days of Niebuhr and Cornwall Lewis, and knew his own mind.

On these two or three plays, then, the latest discoveries in classical antiquity may perhaps be lavished harmlessly, and may possibly even help the action. Yet, here too, there is some danger. If our antiquaries are permitted to revolutionise even on the stage all the ideas of old-fashioned people, they may end by making Cæsar and Cassius unfamiliar figures to us, and with that would disappear a large part of the fascination of the drama in which they move. We cannot afford just yet to give up, at all events at the theatre, those stately white-robed immortals to whom high-sounding phrase and proud sentiment seemed pure nature. We should not, I think, hear with the same contentment that fine, old-world reproach, "*Et tu, Brute?*" Then fall, Cæsar," if it came from the lips of a quaint, over-dressed starveling of the stamp offered us by Mr. Alma-Tadema and others; while a freely picturesque treatment would be altogether unbearable applied to that "woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter."

As for 'Troilus and Cressida,' that, as a play, would surely be ruined by the very touch of the archaeological theorist. Who would not a thousand times rather have Shakespeare's Greeks, toga-clad anachronisms as they may be, than any outlandish warriors from Hissarlik or Mycenæ, though the British Museum's stores of prehistoric art were never so carefully ransacked to supply precedents for their antique bravery? Before such figures as those which some of our precious vases of the archaic period show us, what ordinary theatre-goer would have ears for the play itself? and how long

would it be before we so accustomed ourselves to the grotesque sight as to realise that it was no pantomime but an English classic that was in question? No, depend on it, in this case author and archaeologist, however anxious to claim partnership the latter may be, are inevitably at odds; and if one of the two must needs go to the wall, most of us, it is to be hoped, would rather it were Schliemann than Shakespeare.

Besides, mount a piece as carefully as you will, still it will go hard with us but we will make shift to find some joint in your armour, some detail for which no respectable authority is guaranteee; and for such as have come to witness a complete living picture of a bygone age, the whole evening will straightway be spoiled. A friend of ours told us a short time ago that when he went to see the recent revival of 'As You Like It,' at the St. James's Theatre, he looked on at the first two acts with the greatest pleasure, but in the third act he made the fatal discovery (as he took it to be) that Orlando had carved his mistress's name in characters that could not possibly have occurred to a gentleman of his cut. Thereupon a cold distracting doubt got possession of him; was the whole representation a sham? was he really in his ignorance breathing a "stifling atmosphere of anachronisms?" and had his applause been gained by sheer imposition? Perhaps his apprehensions were unfounded—and, it must be confessed, he was no deeply read archaeologist—but what, in the name of common-sense, are we to say of a system by which our enjoyment of a dramatic performance depends on a question of Roman characters or black letter? For let us add that our friend had more than once witnessed a performance of the same play without a thought of its inconsistency afflicting him for a moment; in this case it was the parade of archaeological precision, the emphatic profession of a love for historical truth, that had given his thoughts this pestilent turn, and, by

striking that vein of criticism which every one has in him, deprived him of all chances of quietly enjoying the play.

It is only with great caution, then, that the realistic method can be applied to Shakespeare's classical plays. Does it fare better in the case of the historical drama? Here, if nowhere else, do we not see history made "to move in pageant"? Have we not here a kind of panorama of our national life, unfolding picture after picture of England's struggles and England's triumphs, painted, as it were, in a transport of patriotic fervour, and consequently raising our enthusiasm to a higher pitch, speaking with a livelier utterance to our hearts, the more "actuality" and historical substance is given to the representation?

In three or four plays, perhaps—in such a military pageant as 'Henry the Fifth,' in 'Henry the Eighth,' or in the three parts of 'Henry the Sixth,' supposing any manager bold enough to venture on its revival, this may be true; but in the great majority of Shakespeare's historical plays, once carefully examined, very great difficulties will be found incident to the theory.

An ordinary actor will surely find it hard to thrill his audience with horror or melt it in compassion, if he has to play the part of Richard the Second with one leg red and the other green; or to inspire the character of Richard the Third with real dread so long as the tips of his shoes are chained to his knees. These particular eccentricities, it will be answered, need not be insisted on; and a dress may be devised for each part which shall be historical without being absurd; but then the inference seems to be that the costume becomes more tolerable exactly in proportion as it is less obtrusively historical, and the realistic method will be most successful just where it is least recognisable. Besides there are more serious difficulties than these to be faced. In the

historical, more than in any other of Shakespeare's plays, the truism with which we started is apt to be overlooked. If a man take in hand the carrying out of Shakespeare's intentions, he must carry them out in Shakespeare's way, not in his own. If in any play Shakespeare's purpose was to present as complete a picture as possible of a bygone age, then by all means let us summon the resources of archaeology to do him honour. Doubtless his own powers in this way were small; we know that scenery in his time was almost entirely wanting, and as for costume, his writings certainly do not give one the impression of a man "who had at his disposal," to use the words of a recent upholder of the realistic theory, "a most elaborate theatrical wardrobe, and who could rely on the actors taking pains about their make-up," but rather of one who, being obliged to trust much to his audience's imagination, is willing to help them as far as he is able. Those vivid touches of description, by which we learn to know some of Shakespeare's characters almost by sight, were surely designed rather to supply the short-comings of the actors than to illustrate and call attention to their actual make-up. Still, whenever he points the way to a realistic and historical treatment, we may go forward with a light heart; it will not matter though we go beyond the extremest limit he ever dreamed of, so only that we are continuing the course on which he started. But if we have mistaken the signs, the further we push our theories into practice, the more widely we shall miss the mark; and infallible signs are not to be found in the mere names of the characters or the period in which they lived.

Because Falstaff is young Prince Hal's comrade, it does not necessarily follow that he belongs to the fifteenth century. Who in reading 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' does not place the date a full century and a half later than the only possible date

for the historical Falstaff? It is a pure comedy of manners, and the chief characters must have unquestionably presented themselves to Shakespeare's mind as contemporaries of his own, such as he might meet of an evening in any Warwickshire ale-house. The very tradition that the part of Justice Shallow was meant as a libel on an obnoxious neighbour, and the frequent use throughout the play of slang terms, move in the same direction. Indeed, the point is scarcely worth arguing: Falstaff and his boon companions, Shallow and Slender and Mrs. Quickly, are true Elizabethans in the historical plays quite as much as in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and to dress them in costumes that should proclaim them undeniably and unmistakably as of the Middle Ages would be mere cruelty to the actors who played their parts, as well as felony against the poet who conceived them.

It has been said by the critic already quoted that Shakespeare "gives to each play the social atmosphere of the age in question;" but when he wrote those stirring lines which have ever since rung in the mouths of British orators, we may take it for certain that he was thinking of the England of his own day, "hedged in with the main, that water-walled bulwark still secure and confident from foreign purposes," against which "the proud foot of the conqueror" was ever turned in vain. He was thinking of the England of the 'Revenge,' and the Spanish Armada; of the little island for the possession of which Englishmen and Spaniards had so recently been at deadly strife, rather than of the England of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, ruled by an alien king and a foreign nobility, half of whose possessions lay on the other side of the Channel, rent asunder by dissension and prostrate under the yoke of papal tyranny.

'King John' should not on that account be made a purely Elizabethan spectacle; but on the other hand, if it

be presented in such a manner as inevitably and irresistibly to suggest the thirteenth century and nothing but the thirteenth century, we shall surely miss half the force of the passages which are most familiar to us, and have to submit into the bargain to an inconsistency as great, dramatically speaking, as though Constance were to be tricked up in powder and patches. For it is not too much to say that the England of Shakespeare's 'King John' bears as close a relation to the England of the eighteenth century as to the England of the historical Constance.

The Romantic Drama has next to be considered, and with regard to this class it will, we think, appear that the realistic theory is by no means less open to exception than is the case with the historical plays.

There is, at least, some colourable excuse for giving historical characters a historical costume, even though it sit somewhat awkwardly on them; but when we have poetical comedies whose most powerful fascination lies in their ideal and imaginative character, treated as if they were transcripts from some dry French or Italian annalist, when we have 'As You Like It' and 'Much Ado About Nothing' brought to the level of the historical romance, when the highest praise that can be given to the actors is that they look as though they had walked straight out of an illuminated missal, then it is surely time to raise some protest against the theory that is at the bottom of it all.

To think of Rosalind, the very type of gracious womanhood, warm with ever-changing emotions and instinct with the charm of a half-tender, half-ironical waywardness, whose moods are as various as the "many-twinkling staiile of ocean," yet always winning and always indescribably human, to think of her, we say, walking out of an illuminated missal! Possibly there were Rosalinds in the Middle Ages, but we who know them chiefly by the

grotesque workmanship of the time, find some difficulty in admitting it. If Rosalind's exquisite ease and enchanting vitality can by any means be taken from the character, it would be by assimilating her to a mediaeval missal. Happily in the last revival of '*As You Like It*', however unkindly some of the characters were treated, Rosalind herself was not sacrificed to the modern passion for quaintness; but next time it may not be so, and we may have Shakespeare's most delightful heroine translated into something which in its lovely colours and archaic forms can only be likened to the figures in a painted window.

And what, after all, is the tendency that leads to such an issue? Confessedly the romantic drama, as handled by Shakespeare, is purely ideal; not only is it full of anachronisms, and historical and geographical absurdities, but it is, in a word, independent, as far as may be, of time and space altogether. And it is surely just this *far-offness* that is one of its greatest charms. But this, as it seems, we of to-day may not realise; we cannot apparently conceive of a poet writing except with his ear attuned to Science's last word; and we are to suppose, according to the theory we are now examining, that Shakespeare, while writing his most fairy-like conceptions, must needs have had a definite period and a definite country in his mind. We are to take an infinite amount of pains to discover what these were, till at last it is demonstrated amid general satisfaction, that the story would be perhaps least impossible if it were assigned to some particular date which one or two mere chance allusions seem in our judgment to point to. That fixed, the drama must be presented as though it were of the stamp of '*Queen Mary*' or '*Philip van Artevelde*'. The exquisite imaginations of the poet are turned into common mortals eating of the fruits of earth, more quaint and pictur-

esque indeed, but scarcely less substantial than the men and women we pass in the street to-day. And what in the name of mischief has quaintness and picturesqueness to do with it? For our own part, we doubt if any of Shakespeare's characters are, strictly speaking, to be called quaint, unless it be his fools; and from the dramatic point of view it is of no consequence how picturesque and even how beautiful we make our stage, if we have gone the wrong way about to carry out the poet's intentions.

For the matter of that, if we make of Miranda and Imogen women who actually lived at some definite period with which historians have made us familiar, it matters not at all, from the dramatic point of view, whether that period is the fifteenth or the nineteenth century. Lions in the forest of Arden, and Ariel and the magician's wand, we feel to be as impossible in 1486 as in 1886; and the only thing to be said for the one date more than for the other is that the costume of the earlier century does not, as far as most of us are concerned, point irresistibly to one special historical period, while the full-bottomed wig, or the frock-coat and silk hat, do.

To be sure, in some of Shakespeare's romantic dramas, especially those which are founded on Italian novels, strong local colouring is absolutely indispensable; but then it is the local colouring which he himself has suggested, and not that which a later generation foists on him. Thus it is impossible, to our mind, to trace in '*The Merchant of Venice*' any feeling whatever for the peculiar fascination of the famous Republic; indeed, one would be distrustful of evidence that enthusiastic critics could produce of such a feeling in a man, who, as far as we know, gained all his experience of foreign climes from English translations and adaptations. To make '*The Merchant of Venice*' a picture of the city's ancient splen-

dour as it catches the fancy of the tourist of to-day, may not, perhaps, hinder the action of the drama, but it certainly does not aid it, and any impression that is made thereby, however delightful, is essentially non-dramatic.

So, too, with '*Romeo and Juliet*'. Half of its beauty would be lost in any stage representation that was not pervaded through and through by the Italian passion and romance; a Northern Juliet would be ridiculous, but there is no reason in the world to insist on her being not only Italian, but Veronese into the bargain. It is true Shakespeare lays the scene in Verona, but that is only because his authorities did so; and as for anything further, unquestionably Verona had for him no special associations that it should be preferred above Padua or Milan; and for a candid mind there can be no doubt but that while '*Romeo and Juliet*' lends additional interest to Verona, Verona can add but little to '*Romeo and Juliet*'.

Scenery painted in the very streets of that dream-like city is delightful in itself, but it has no particular dramatic value; and indeed the associations that are only too apt to gather round the English traveller's remembrance of the place, with its railways and its hotels and its unnumbered beggars, are not such as it is altogether safe to call up unreservedly when a great imaginative drama is in question. In fact, one is strongly tempted to believe that an artist who had breathed the air of Italy, and saturated himself in her romance, could paint purely ideal landscapes that would recall the sacred soil far more forcibly than any literal transcripts from even the most beautiful of her towns.

And yet '*Romeo and Juliet*', take it all in all, is fitter for realistic treatment than most of Shakespeare's adaptations of Italian novels; for it is more consistently pervaded by the spirit of Southern romance than any of them. We should find few

in which the native English temper does not play a conspicuous part; and where that comes in, consistency must necessarily go overboard. Some of us, it is true, may still enjoy the conceits of Elizabethan England without concerning ourselves overmuch about the incongruities they involve; but for one who has studied the variations in costume in different climes, and can distinguish the fashion of the shoe worn at the beginning of the fifteenth century from that in vogue at the end, it must be gall and wormwood to have a rude country fellow of the true Elizabethan breed, whose very name is racy of our soil, parade the stage in a dress that could only have been possible for an Italian of a century earlier.

There is one more class of plays of which something should be said. No one, perhaps, would have the plays of '*Cymbeline*' or '*King Lear*' mounted with very great archaeological precision; and yet the realistic theory, if it is good for anything, should logically be applicable to these. But what is to be said of '*Hamlet*?' how are we to represent this type of modern Europe, compacted of doubts and scruples and fiery impulses, astray among the incongruous surroundings of a half-barbaric Northern court?

It is here that the problem meets us with the most emphatic persistency. Shakespeare took his fables from every age and every clime, transfusing them all to a greater or less degree with the humours of his contemporaries. He wrote, as we are often told, for all time; his greatest creations are doubtless everlasting true; but his minor characters, which yet do so much to give body and life to his dramas, and help, by the very contrasts they afford, to illustrate and intensify, after a fashion unrivalled in any other literature, the lights and shadows of the larger natures round whom they are grouped—these are for the most part drawn from the experience of the Warwickshire yeoman's son.

Thus there are the two elements always present ; the original fable and the atmosphere with which Shakespeare has surrounded it. Sometimes one has the preponderance, sometimes the other ; but altogether to disregard either is indeed of evil precedent for a generation in which, as it is vehemently asserted, account is too often taken of the mass alone, and the rights of the minority overridden but too often by the clamorous requirements of the majority. It is all one whether, in putting the Shakespearean drama on the stage, we concern ourselves only with the historical basis, adopting to that end some antiquarian theory, either of our own fashioning or suggested by Italian novelists ; or whether we dress Hamlet in ruff and trunk hose, and Portia in a farthingale ; in either case an important element has been overlooked, and occasion for adding real force to the dramatic value of the representation has been let slip. But are there no means of reconciling the two elements ? Perhaps complete reconciliation is not possible ; but at least, if it is in any wise to be achieved, it will first be necessary to recognise the dualism of Shakespeare's plays more fully than has generally been

done. And in some instances, where the problem on being fairly faced proves insoluble, stage-managers giving up the attempt to make costume dramatic, must content themselves with allowing it to be merely beautiful. For it should be remembered that all this time we have been considering only the dramatic value of costume. The aesthetic value cannot but be a secondary matter, at least in the representation of a great poetic dramatist like Shakespeare. First get the mounting to help out the action of the piece as far as possible, or at all events make sure that it does not interfere with it, and then do your best to make it beautiful. For this, no doubt, the archaeologist may prove of service, but he must be kept under very careful control.

It is surely not beyond hope that we should even yet witness a Shakespearean revival on some such lines as have been here suggested, a revival that should assert the supremacy of the imaginative qualities of the drama, and repudiate once for all, as robbing it of half its significance, the pedantic rule of a pretentious and uncertain realism.

## MYSTERY AND ROMANCE.

**PERHAPS** there is not in all the domain of Art a more curious study than that of the power of suggestion over the soul of man. It is a still debated question whether the greatest art is that which allows, or that which disavows, its power. Greek art refused it utterly. Romantic art takes it as its essence.

The spirit of Greek art allows no mystery. In the fine and graphic phrase of Gautier—

"It prefers a statue to a phantom, and full noon to twilight. Free from mist and vapour, admitting nothing visionary or uncertain, its least details stand out sharply, strong in form and colour. Its dreams are of long cavalcades of milk-white steeds, ridden by lovely naked youths, defiling past against a ground of azure, as upon the friezes of the Parthenon—or of processions of young girls, crowned with garlands and appalled in strait tunics, bearing in their hands their ivory timbrels, and seeming as if they moved round an enormous urn. The mountains of its landscapes rise up sharp-edged against the sky, the sun reposing on the loftiest peaks, and opening wide, like a resting lion, his golden-lidded eye. Its clouds are shaped and cut, like marble splinters. Its streams fall in sculptured waves from the mouths of sculptured urns. Its shadows gather, dark-massed, beneath its trees. Between its tall reeds, green and vocal as those of Eurotas, glance the round and silvery flanks of a green-haired naiad; or between its sombre oaks Diana passes with arrow-sheaf and flying scarf, followed by her nymphs and yelping hounds."

As it is with the arts of painting and sculpture, so is it with the art which deals in words. Dante, the mightiest of poet-painters who worked in the Greek spirit, sets his scenes before the mind's eye with a graphic power which leaves nothing to the imagination. The great sights of the 'Inferno' stand out like pictures—an unforgettable series. There are the routs of the Giddy-aimless, stung by gad-flies and fierce hornets, running

behind the whirling flag; the crowds at Charon's ferry "staying for waftage," and the fierce old man with eyes like wheels of flame; the lovers of the second Circle, blown like cranes upon a mighty wind; the awful marsh, in the slime of which the Sullen writhed like eels, and in whose dark waters fought the spirits of the Angry; the city with the domes and towers of fire, upon the walls of which the blood-stained Furies, shrieking for Medusa, tore the serpents of their hair; the rapt and disdainful angel who sped dry-footed across the lake amidst the terror-stricken throngs; the great plain rough with lidless sepulchres, each filled with fire and holding its tormented spirit in a red-hot bed; the Tyrants standing in the river of blood, and the Centaurs galloping upon the bank; the forest whose stunted trees were spirits, with the Harpies tearing their poisonous fruit; the wilderness of raining flames and sands of lurid fire; the Simonists set head-downwards in their narrow holes, with feet which burned like lamps above the level of the rock; the black-winged demons, Dragagnazzo and Barbariccia, hovering with their prongs above the lake of pitch; the Hypocrites weighed down with gilded cowls of lead; the valley where sinners changed with agony to serpents, and serpents back to sinners; the flame-pent spirits dancing like strange fire-flies in the gloomy gorge; the trunk of Bertrand de Born holding up by the hair his speaking head; the sea of everlasting ice, where the forms of the tormented appeared like flies in crystal, and where Ugolino lifted his teeth from the skull of his enemy to relate his awful story. Spenser also, though his touch is sometimes indecisive, and he takes ten words to Dante's one, has

often vivid pictures—as that of the knight peering into the den of the monster by the light of his own gleaming mail; of Fury, chained in iron, with eyes that flashed sparkles, gnawing his ruddy beard; of Mammon in his armour of rusted iron and dull gold, counting his hoard of coins; or of the little fountain in the Bower of Bliss where the golden-haired girls were bathing.

But perhaps the finest examples in our language of sheer painting in words are to be found in Lord Tennyson's 'Palace of Art.' No device of the cunning artist is wanting there. The verse is of deliberate motion, like the slow rolling of a panorama, affording the successive imagineries time to work their full effect. Sometimes, indeed, it stops entirely, so as to impress upon the mind the details of the scene—

"Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,  
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair  
Wound with white roses, slept Saint Cecily."

Here the verse pauses. The picture of the sleeping saint is before the eye. The spectator may contemplate it at what length he pleases; the progress of the scenery is stopped for his convenience. When he is ready to proceed the next picture comes before him—

"An Angel looked at her."

And the verse is stopped again.

It is hardly in the power of words to paint a picture with more distinctness than this scene of Saint Cecily sleeping at her organ, and watched over by an angel. But it is clear that the effect owes nothing to the sense of mystery—or suggestion. The reader sees in his mind's eye, with sharp distinctness, the picture which the poet aimed to set there; but he sees no more. His imagination has no part to play. It lies idly by, and makes no sign.

Now set beside this a passage in which the power of mystery, of suggestion, is strong. Set beside it, for

instance, Mad Tom's snatch of song in 'King Lear,' "Child Rowland to the dark tower came." I call the song Mad Tom's, for who can doubt that Edgar studied the part from life, and that Mad Tom was a real and living person? But in what course of his rovings he picked up this fragment of old legend is beyond our knowing. Perhaps he discovered it in some odd corner of his brain; perhaps learned it of that strange demon who haunted him, as he tells us, with the voice of a nightingale. But, from whatever source it came, scarcely a better instance could be found of the power which springs from richness of suggestion. Who was this Child Rowland? What was the dark tower? What wild and strange adventures had its spectral walls beheld? Imagination wakes. A thousand shadowy memories arise, like phantoms, in the mind's eye, of legendary lands; of battle-dinted knights-at-arms; of dragon-guarded dungeons; of soft lutes heard pleading from barred casements; of combats against tenfold odds; of wild vows given and received; of "trumpets blown and hymns of festival"; of heads of enemies set up to bleach on battlemented towers. Or perhaps the story rises up complete before the mind, as a great living poet has imagined it—the story of the band of knights, of whom Child Rowland was the last, sworn to the quest of the Dark Tower in the midst of its wild waste of deathful country, to perish one by one before its walls.

Or consider the exquisitely beautiful series of pictures in De Musset's 'Nuit de Mai,' in the invitation of the Muse to the poet—

"Shall we sing of Hope, or Sorrow, or Joy?  
Shall we steep in blood the battalions of steel?  
Shall we suspend the lover on his silken ladder?  
Shall we dash to the winds the foam of the steed?  
Shall we cry to Tarquin, 'Night is come?'  
Shall we seek the pearl in the caves of ocean?  
Shall we lead the goat to the bitter ebony?  
Shall we lift to heaven the eyes of Melancholy?  
Shall we follow the hunter over the mountain crags?  
Shall we

picture a maiden moving to Mass, a page behind her, her cheek aflame, her glance roving from the side of her mother, her parted lips forgetting her prayer, trembling to hear among the echoing pillars the clinking spur of a bold cavalier?"

Every piece of imagery here is penetrated with the power of charm, the power of suggestion. Like the image of Child Rowland coming to the dark tower, every line epitomises a romance. "Shall we lead the goat to the bitter ebony?" Behold the pastorals of Virgil and of Theocritus, the pipes of the shepherds, the songs, and the ivy-bowls. "Shall we dash to the winds the foam of the steed?" Behold Mazeppa bound on his wild horse, swept like a whirlwind through the waste. "Shall we suspend the lover on his silken ladder?" Behold the high-walled orchard-gardens of Verona, and Juliet looking from her window as the moon tips with silver the fruit-tree tops.

Or we may take an example in which the power of suggestion acts in a rather different manner. The following is from one of Victor Hugo's poems. It is a scene of evening, of Oriental night. The grass is dark; a sweet fresh smell issues from the tufts of asphodel; a whisper of rivulets is in the moss; a sound of sheep-bells comes from far away.

"C'était l'heure tranquille où les lions vont boire."

("It was the still hour when the lions come to drink.")

It is, perhaps, the subtle charm, like that of music, of the words, which really gives this line its rich suggestions of tranquillity; and this, of course, is incommunicable, if it is not felt. But another and more obvious source of its effect may be observed. Instead of choosing the hart or hind, or other timorous and soft-natured creature, thinking to deepen the peace of the evening with the imagery of peace, the poet chooses the lion. The hind, with her fawn beside her, stealing forth at evening from her covert,

doubtless affords an image of tranquillity. But the hour has deeper influences yet. The lions, not now seeking blood, are coming to drink "at the waters that go softly."

But the spirit of suggestion is a dainty Ariel. The secret of its power is not often to be thus explored. Like the mysterious and occult suggestions of the melody of music, the laws of association on which its power depends are often too dim and too complex to be followed far. But as we know that in the melody of music there are combinations of simple notes which have power to stir the spirit to its depths, so also we know that there are combinations of simple words which act upon the mind with a mysterious and unaccountable power of charm. Passages in which this power is strong are among the rarest and most precious in all literature. To seek them is like seeking hidden treasure. To discover them is to feel the joy of the diver who emerges from the sea-depths with a goodly pearl.

What reader has not felt the profound visionary effect of Wordsworth's verse—

"The Lady of the Mere  
Sole sitting by the shores of old Romance;"

a verse which Southey considered to be the finest instance in our language of pure poetic charm. Perhaps he was not wrong. The word "shore" is itself a curious instance of subtle and mysterious power. "Beach" conveys identically the same idea. But make the exchange—

"The Lady of the Mere  
Sole sitting by the beach of old Romance."

How poor and pale in comparison! What loss of the strange richness of suggestion which comes from the sound of "shore"!

This visionary charm, this music-like mastery of effect, occurs in many forms. It appears in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence"—

"The Hebrid isles,  
Placed far amid the melancholy main."

In Coleridge's enchanted river, the  
Alph of Xanadu, sinking

" Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea."

In Keats's

—“magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn.”

In Virgil's

“ Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.”  
("And rivers gliding under ancient walls.")

In Wordsworth's

“ Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.”

This is the spirit of Romance, the spirit which prefers the phantom to the statue, and twilight to full noon; which seeks not the vividness of imagery, but the rich and working presence of suggestion. It is this spirit, pushed to its last result only in our own time, which has produced the interesting form of poetry of which Mr. Swinburne's ‘Before a Mirror’ is perhaps the most remarkable instance.

The effect of this poem is almost identically the same as that of music. Its imagery, so far from being vivid, is phantasmal; its words act through associations more ghostly than the scent of last year's rose, than “the song of our country heard in a strange land.” The impression of its haunting power resembles nothing so nearly as the impression produced by a ‘Nocturne’ of Chopin's.

But leaving these enchanted lands, where all forms of things are “vaporous and unaccountable,” and coming out into the air of common day, it is curious to note at how slight a cause

—apparently slight, that is, though really charged with consequence, like the foot-print which Robinson Crusoe found on the sea-shore—imagination will arouse itself, ready for flight, like Ariel spreading his wings at the voice of Prospero. The following is a fine example; and it is one, moreover, which is sufficient, of itself, to display the essential difference between the art which suggests, and the art which excludes suggestion:—

“ The picture represented clouds low and lurid, rolling over a swollen sea; all the distance was in eclipse; so, too, was the foreground—or rather the nearest billows, for there was no land. One gleam of light lifted into relief a half-submerged mast, on which sat a cormorant, dark and large, with wings flecked with foam. In its beak it held a bracelet, set with gems, touched with as brilliant tints as the palette could yield, and as glittering distinctness as the pencil could impart.”

Now supposing this to be a complete description of the scene,—for though Jane Eyre's picture contained other details, we may consider, for our purpose, that nothing was visible but what is here described,—the whole power of it as a piece of romantic art (and it is immensely powerful) lies in the bracelet. Without the bracelet the picture is merely a study of waves and sky. It may be fine and valuable as such, full of the most rare and precious qualities of landscape; but, whatever these may be, the interest of such a picture lies evidently in what it accurately depicts, not in what it suggests. But add the bracelet, add the power of suggestion, the mystery of romance, and the picture is now no longer a study of scenery, but a wild and mournful poem.

### THE LAST IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Now that Home Rule has been brought formally before Parliament by a Liberal Ministry as a sure and certain remedy for all the evils which Ireland is inflicting upon England, and England upon Ireland, it may not be amiss to glance at the result of a similar experiment in the last century. The judicious of both nations would prefer to bear the ills they have than fly to others they know not of.

The demand for legislative independence was part of the great revolutionary movement of the last century. It was very closely connected with the revolt of the American colonies. Ireland was an anxious spectator of a conflict in which so many of her own sons took part; and when at length America had won her independence, the Irish laid the lesson to heart and resolved to gain by arms those measures of relief which they considered desirable.

The grievances complained of were :—the dependence of the judges, the maintenance of a standing army by a permanent Mutiny Bill, the absence of a Habeas Corpus Act, and, above all, the operation of two statutes, namely, Poyning's Law, and that known as the Sixth of George the First.

Poyning's Law, so called from Sir Edward Poyning, who had been Lord Deputy in the reign of Henry the Seventh, enacted that no parliament was to be held in Ireland till (1) it had been certified to the King the causes and considerations of, and the acts to be brought before, that assembly ; and (2) until these had been approved under the Great Seal of England. In consequence of Poyning's Law the

Irish Parliament was prevented from originating any measure whatever. Before any proposed statute could be discussed it was necessary to have it submitted to the Lord-Lieutenant and the Privy Council, who might reject it, or pass it on to England to be placed before the English Privy Council, who might in turn reject it altogether, or seriously modify it, in which modified form it must pass into law, if it pass at all. The Statute, Sixth of George the First, claimed for the Parliament of England a positive right to legislate for Ireland. A question had arisen in 1719 between the English and the Irish House of Lords as to appellate jurisdiction. A case of property had been decided in favour of the respondent by the Irish Court of Exchequer, and the decision had been reversed by the Irish Peers. The respondent brought the second decision before the English Peers, who reversed that of the Irish House, and upheld the judgment of the Court of Exchequer. A contest arose between the two Houses, which was finally decided by the statute in question, which declared "that the kingdom of Ireland hath been, is, and of right ought to be, subordinate and dependent upon the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, as being inseparably united and annexed thereto ; and that the King's majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient force and validity to bind the people of the kingdom of Ireland. And it is further enacted and declared

that the House of Lords of Ireland, have not, nor of right ought to have, any jurisdiction to judge of, affirm, or reverse any judgment made in any court within the said kingdom."

More important even than the subjection of the Irish Parliament to that of England was felt to be the decline in the trade of the kingdom owing to a series of enactments in favour of the English merchant. The woollen trade was almost a thing of the past. Distress and destitution prevailed everywhere. The rents were exorbitant, wages were low, there was little or no employment in a country almost without manufactures. Four millions out of the five who composed the population were subject to the penal laws which denied them the exercise of their religion and the liberty of educating their children, and practically offered a premium for conversion by enabling a child to disinherit his brothers and even his parents. Misery, want, and oppression were the badge of all the lower orders of the kingdom, while the burdens and taxes were being increased from year to year.

While matters were in this condition hostilities broke out between England and her American colonies. In order to prevent supplies being sent by Ireland to the Americans an embargo was laid on goods proceeding from Irish ports. The immediate effect of this measure was to seriously diminish the gains of the agriculturists. The revenue fell away, and the debt was largely increased. Resolutions in favour of free trade were proposed in Parliament, and Lord North was disposed to give them his favourable consideration. They were vigorously opposed, however, by the English commercial interest, by whom fair competition was regarded with jealousy. The attention of Ireland was therefore directed to America, where the patriots saw a colony struggling with the country which had imposed commercial restrictions for her own real or imagined advantage. Especially

was this the case when Mr. Rigby declared in the English House of Commons that the Parliament of England had clearly as much right to tax Ireland as it had to tax America—a comparison, to say the least, somewhat ill-timed! It was felt by the patriots that the Irish issue was being decided in America, and they learned that what would not be conceded as a right might be granted to force.

Towards the close of 1775 a message was sent to Parliament by the Lord-Lieutenant to the effect that it would be necessary to draft four thousand men from the Irish establishment to support the royal forces in America; that these troops would not be charged to the revenue during their absence from the kingdom, but that their places would be occupied by the same number of Protestant mercenaries. The Commons readily agreed to the first two propositions, but the third was rejected, the House being of opinion that the loyal party could defend themselves without the assistance of foreign troops. This resolution had very important consequences.

Of recent years Ireland had been much exposed to the incursions of privateers. These rovers landed on an unprotected spot, and spreading inland carried off all they could lay their hands on. In 1778 the celebrated Paul Jones had the audacity to enter Carrickfergus Bay and sail round the *Drake*, which was anchored there. The gentry here and there had already begun to arm their tenants and retainers, but as yet there was no concerted action.

Towards the beginning of 1779 the Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant sent information to Belfast that two or three privateers were hovering about the neighbourhood, and that a visit might be expected from them. He also stated that the citizens must prepare to defend themselves, as the Government had few troops to spare, and at present was able to send only some seventy horse and a few companies of invalids.

The permission to arm was acted upon with marvellous alacrity. Not only were volunteers enrolled for the defence of Belfast, but armed associations sprang into existence all over the country; there was not a village that had not its own volunteer corps; and with such rapidity did the movement spread, that by the end of 1779 there were no less than fifty thousand men under arms. The Government could only look on in amazement, as the country was denuded of regular troops, and the patriots had an excuse made ready for them by the Secretary himself. This extraordinary armament was self-supporting and self-governed. The members, whether officers or privates, held no commission from the Crown, and acknowledged no connection with the Government. They provided their own arms and ammunition, and when no longer able to procure a supply by purchase, demanded and obtained from the Lord-Lieutenant twenty thousand stand of arms from the Castle. Originally each corps was distinct and separate from all others. The first step towards consolidating these independent units was made by the Dublin volunteers electing the Duke of Leinster as their commander-in-chief, an appointment which was followed by the election of the Earl of Charlemont as commander-in-chief for all Ireland. But not only was the body an army, and a formidable army, it was a large political club, or assemblage of clubs, which considered itself competent to discuss and decide the most important questions of policy, and was well aware that its decisions could not be lightly disregarded.

When Parliament met in 1779 the popular leaders felt that their arguments were greatly strengthened by the existence of an army which had sprung up since the last session. The Lord-Lieutenant opened Parliament towards the close of the year with the usual stereotyped speech, and the customary address was moved in the Commons by Sir Richard Deane. A

pause ensued, and then Grattan, rising with more than his usual solemnity, moved the following amendment:—

"That we beseech your Majesty to believe, that it is with the utmost reluctance we are constrained to approach you on the present occasion, but the constant drain to supply absences and the unfortunate prohibition of our trade have caused such calamity that the natural support of our country has decayed, and our manufactures are dying of want; famine stalks hand in hand with hopeless wretchedness, and the only means left of supporting the expiring trade of this miserable part of your Majesty's dominions is to open a free export trade and let your Irish subjects enjoy their natural birthright."

This amendment was supported by Flood, Ogle, Hutchinson, Sir Henry Newenham, and others. At length the Prime Serjeant, Walter Hussey Burgh, arose, and, reviewing the policy of England which rendered armed resistance and the formation of the volunteers a necessity, said: "Talk not to me of peace; Ireland is not in a state of peace. It is smothered war. England has sown her laws like dragon's teeth, and they have sprung up like armed men." Burgh concluded by substituting an amendment for that of Grattan's, which was unanimously accepted: "That it is not by temporary expedients, but by granting free trade, that this nation is to be saved from impending ruin."

The volunteers adopted the measure as their own; and when the Speaker carried the resolution from the Parliament to the Castle, he passed between ranks of resolute men drawn up under arms and headed by the Duke of Leinster.

The sudden demand for free trade could not be resisted, and accordingly Lord North introduced into the English Parliament a measure permitting a free export trade of Irish woollens and glass, and granting freedom of trade with British plantations, under certain restrictions. But these concessions did not at all satisfy the patriots, who were beginning to know their strength. Acting upon

the principle that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity, the cry of Free Trade was deemed insufficient. A cry for a Free Parliament followed, and nothing would now satisfy Grattan but the repeal of Poyning's law and the statute of George the First, that Ireland might enjoy the blessings of self-government.

Accordingly, when Parliament met in 1780, Grattan was ready with a resolution to the effect that no power on earth save that of the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland had a right to make laws for Ireland. In his speech he said : "I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied as long as the meanest cottager of Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, he shall not be in irons." A long debate followed, sustained with much ability on both sides. Neither the Government nor the Opposition seemed inclined to press for a division, and after an all-night sitting the resolution was withdrawn.

The patriotic party in Parliament, seeing that little could be gained in that assembly, resolved to avail themselves more openly of the assistance of the Irish volunteers. It was decided to open the campaign in Ulster. Each volunteer association of that province was now directed to send delegates to a convention which was to be held at Dungannon on the fifteenth of February, 1782.

At the appointed date, Charlemont, Grattan, and the chief patriotic leaders repaired to the little northern town, where they were met by two hundred delegates, representing about twenty-five thousand men. A series of resolutions was there framed, which may be regarded as the Irish Declaration of Rights. It was declared that a citizen by taking up arms does not abandon any of his civil rights ; that the claims of any body of men other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ire-

land to make laws for that kingdom was a grievance ; that the powers exercised by the Privy Councils of both kingdoms under the law of Poyning was a grievance ; that the ports of Ireland were by right open to all foreign countries not at war with the king.

The Opposition now only awaited the meeting of Parliament to present these resolutions to the ministry as the demand of a hundred and twenty thousand armed men, for such was about the strength of the Irish volunteers at this time.

On the fall of Lord North's ministry, Lord Carlisle was succeeded in the viceroyalty by the Duke of Portland, who had to meet Parliament two days after his arrival, the patriots refusing him the respite even of a single day.

Parliament met on the sixteenth of April. There was an unusual call of the House, and by four o'clock, the hour for opening, scarcely a member was missing from his place. In the midst of a breathless assembly Mr. Hutchinson arose, and said that his Excellency had ordered him to deliver a message from the King, importing that his Majesty recommended the House to take into consideration measures "which would effect such a *final* adjustment as would give satisfaction to both kingdoms." He also accompanied the communication with a statement of his own views, and expressed his determination to support a declaration of Irish rights and constitutional independence. Mr. Hutchinson, however, observed that he was not authorised to say more. He was silent on all details, and pledged the Government to none.

Ponsonby proposed an address in reply, which fell short of the expectation of the House, and then Grattan rose and in a brilliant speech laid the demands of the patriots before the assembly. In one word, he moved legislative independence, the conclusion of the address assuring his Majesty "that we humbly conceive that in this right the very essence of our liberty consists. A right which

we on behalf of the people of Ireland do claim as their birthright, and which we cannot yield but with our lives."

Ponsonby, on the part of the Viceroy, submitted with a good grace, and even Fitzgibbon, to the astonishment of all, professed himself a warm advocate of Irish freedom. The Speaker then put the question on Grattan's amendment, and Ireland by its representatives unanimously declared herself a free nation. The House soon after adjourned for three weeks to give time for communication with England.

There was nothing for the English Government, enfeebled and intimidated by the American disaster, but to yield to a demand which they were unable to resist. On the twenty-seventh of May the Parliament met again. The volunteers were under arms; their artillery under James Napper Tandy lined the quays and commanded the bridges and all the approaches between the royal barracks and the House of Commons, whilst the infantry were posted at all important points of the city. The Viceroy, in his opening speech, announced that "the British Legislature have concurred in a resolution to remove the cause of your discontent and jealousies, and are united in a desire to gratify every wish expressed in your late address to the throne," and "that these intentions are unaccompanied by any stipulation or condition whatever."

Grattan moved the address. "I have found Ireland on her knees," he said; "I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift, spirit of Molyneux, your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation. In that new character, I hail her! And, bowing to her august presence, I say—*Esto perpetua.*"

Ireland now enjoyed Home Rule: yet she was not more contented than she had been before. Grattan, in-

deed, considered that all constitutional questions between the two countries were now at an end, but Flood professed still to look upon the intentions of the Government with suspicion. Something more, he said, was wanted than the repeal of the obnoxious acts. It was not enough that the English Government had frankly granted all that had been asked: the English Parliament must formally renounce for ever all right to legislate for Ireland. Such a renunciation was actually made by an act declaring that "the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by the laws enacted by his Majesty and the parliament of that kingdom is hereby declared to be established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable."

Still Flood would not be satisfied, and the first session of Grattan's Parliament saw the patriots more fiercely attacking each other than they had ever attacked the common enemy. In a well known debate Flood said, in reply to Grattan, "I am not one who would come at midnight, and attempt by a vote of the house to stifle the voice of the people, which my egregious folly had raised against me. I am not the gentleman who subsists upon your accounts. I am not the mendicant patriot who was bought by my country for a sum of money and then sold my country for prompt payment. I was never bought by the people, nor ever sold them." Grattan's retort was in the same style. After sketching Flood's career he continued, "I will suppose the man's honour equal to his oath, I will suppose him an insufferable egotist. I will stop him in his career and say—Sir, you are mistaken if you think your talents are as great as your life is infamous. We have seen you a violent opposer of the Government, and afterwards on the most trying questions silent—silent for years—and silenced by money; we have seen you haunting this house like a guilty spirit, watching the

moment when you should vanish from the question ; or you might be described hovering about the dome like an ill-omened bird of night, with sepulchral note, cadaverous aspect, and a broken beak, watching to stoop and pounce upon your prey. Influenced by place, or stung by disappointed ambition, we have seen you pursue a course of manifest duplicity. You can be trusted by no man ; the people cannot trust you, the crown cannot trust you ; you have dealt out the most impartial treachery to both, and now you tell the nation she was ruined by others when she was sold by you. You fled from the Mutiny Bill,—you fled from the Six Months Money Bill,—you fled from the Sugar Bill ; I therefore tell you in the face of your country, before all the world and to your beard, you are not an honest man."

The immediate result of Home Rule was thus to divide the patriots into two hostile bands under the leadership of Flood and Grattan. The former thought he saw his opportunity in a cry for Parliamentary reform. He borrowed his rival's tactics, and made another appeal to the renowned volunteers of Ireland. A body which had obtained legislative independence for the Parliament of College Green ought at least to be able to obtain also the reform of that body.

A second convention of the volunteers was accordingly summoned for the coming session. On the tenth of November, 1783, a hundred and sixty delegates from the various volunteer corps assembled at the Rotunda in Sackville Street under the presidency of the Earl of Charlemont. The earl was by no means in favour of the extreme party. His views were identical with those of Grattan, and he merely accepted the presidency of the assembly to prevent that important post from falling into the hands of the Bishop of Derry.

Frederick Augustus Hervey, Bishop of Derry in the Irish peerage and Earl of Bristol in the peerage of

England, was one of the strangest figures that ever appeared on the stage of Irish politics. His ambition for popularity, and his efforts to gain it, knew no limits. He dazzled the crowd by the state and bearing of a monarch rather than of a private individual. He proceeded to the convention clad in purple, seated in an open carriage drawn by six horses and escorted by a troop of dragoons. Trumpets announced his approach, and he stopped on his way to show his contempt for the House of Lords of which he was a member. His political opinions were equally extravagant. He would be satisfied with nothing short of total separation from England, to be followed by war with England. It is needless to say that he was the idol of the mob.

In the Convention Flood and the Bishop carried all before them. A sweeping measure of reform was drawn up and introduced into Parliament by the former. But here they encountered the one really capable man that Ireland then contained. The Attorney-General, the haughty and undaunted Fitzgibbon, attacked the volunteers with boldness and energy. He maintained that, originating as it did with an armed body, the consideration of Flood's bill was inconsistent with the freedom of debate. Government refused to sit there to register the decrees of another assembly, or to receive propositions at the point of the bayonet. After a debate of unprecedented rancour permission to bring in the bill was rejected by one hundred and fifty votes to forty-nine.

This exhibition of firmness and courage on the part of the Government showed the hollowness of the popular agitation. The great popular heroes, Flood and the Bishop of Derry, had placed themselves in opposition to the Government led by Fitzgibbon, and had been defeated. The Earl of Charlemont, seeing the danger of a collision, adjourned the Convention *sine die*. The Opposition collapsed ignominiously, and henceforth the Irish

volunteers were regarded as merely a boyish show. Flood succeeded from the Irish Parliament, and by the aid of the Duke of Chandos took his seat in the English House of Commons as member for Winchester.

Great things had been expected from Grattan's Parliament. The wild and reckless rhetoric of the patriotic orators had raised visions in the minds of the people which could never be realised. The golden age seemed now as far off as ever. The harvest was past, the summer was ended, and the masses were in yet worse plight than before. The absentee landlord still let out his lands to middlemen, who exacted the uttermost farthing. The absentee parson still let out his tithes to proctors, and the landlord's over-reaching was mercy itself compared to that of the tithe-proctor. To Protestant and Catholic alike the wonderful advantages of an independent legislature proved to be a vain and empty delusion. The discontent of all classes had increased to an alarming extent. The revulsion of feeling was commensurate with the absurd height to which their hopes had been raised.

Hallam speaks of the period as "fruitful of splendid eloquence, and of ardent though uncompromising patriotism." Their patriotism may be measured by the fact that though Grattan repeatedly urged the necessity of granting some relief to the Catholics, the great majority of his party resolutely refused all relief. Their eloquence consisted in enveloping the tiniest spark of thought in clouds of heated verbosity. "It is difficult to believe," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "that there was in that assembly the wisdom which founds lasting institutions and saves a nation." A few honest reformers, indeed, there were, but these were lost in the multitude of factious politicians, whose only policy seems to have been to oppose the Government on all questions. In the teeth of the strong, reckless, and yet constitutional Opposition, the Government could be carried on only

by indirect means. They could maintain a majority only by bribery, direct or indirect.

Outside the walls of Parliament the venomous expressions which the Opposition made use of in its assaults upon the Government rankled in the minds of the masses of the people. Both Protestant and Catholic were ripe for rebellion, but they could not unite. Munster was filled with outrages chiefly upon Protestants, and Ulster was filled with outrages chiefly upon Catholics. In the south the Whiteboys tortured and murdered the tithe-proctor and the rent-collector. In the north the Protestant retaliated by burning the house of the inoffensive Catholic. The helpless Parliament looked on, and the patriots perorated with exuberant rhetoric while the land was drenched in blood.

Whilst things were in this state, there came the news of the French Revolution. Strange to say, the first to be affected by the movement were not the Roman Catholics, but the Presbyterians and Dissenters of Ulster. Belfast was the centre of the republican feeling, and here in October, 1791, was established the Society of United Irishmen by Wolfe Tone, the most capable of all the enemies of England. Tone's object was a brilliant one. He endeavoured to bring about an alliance between the republican Protestants of the north and the nationalist Catholics of the south on the only point which they had in common, their hatred of England. The foolish mission of Richard Burke raised the expectations of the Catholics to the highest pitch, and on some concessions, which were deemed inadequate, being granted, it was thought that strong pressure might extract something more from an unwilling band of patriots,—for it must be remembered it was the patriotic party in Grattan's Parliament, not the English Government, which was unwilling to grant relief to the Catholics.

Tone now determined to copy the tactics of 1780. A Catholic Conven-

tion was to be held in Dublin, and a second army of volunteers was to be enrolled, under the style of the National Guards. But Fitzgibbon was too quick for them. He saw the unreality of the movement, and he knew his countrymen. A proclamation was issued against the assembling of men in arms. It had the desired effect. The National Guards of Ireland were represented on parade by two men and their commander.

Yet though Fitzgibbon would yield nothing to intimidation, he knew that remedial measures were necessary. In spite of the noisy and truculent opposition of those who posed as the friends of the people, he forced a measure through an unwilling house by which Catholics were admitted to grand juries, the magistracy, and the franchise, and allowed to carry arms. The Earl of Charlemont, commander of the volunteers of 1782, spoke and voted against the measure.

Whilst the condition of the Catholics was being gradually but steadily ameliorated, Pitt was induced by Portland to adopt a speedier method for governing Ireland according to Irish ideas. Earl Fitzwilliam was sent over as Lord-Lieutenant to carry out the most sweeping reforms in favour of the popular party. Wolfe and Toler, the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, were replaced by Ponsonby and Curran. Fitzgibbon, then Chancellor, was too important a personage to be touched, but his friends were removed from all their posts. Fitzwilliam next came forward with a Bill to admit Catholics to Parliament, and, indeed, to grant more than ever they had dreamed of. The Chancellor saw his opportunity. He had it conveyed to the king that the admission of Catholics would be a breach of the coronation oath. The monarch interfered with his veto, the measure was withdrawn, and Fitzwilliam recalled before he had been three months in office.

Riots and outrages again broke out with renewed vigour. The United Irishmen, though suppressed, existed

as a secret body, and began to meditate open rebellion. They proposed to take the field with France as an ally. Envoy passed between the two countries, and in 1796 Wolfe Tone, Arthur O'Connor, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, brother of the Duke of Leinster, crossed over to France to solicit aid. They met General Hoche, and arranged with him for a French invasion to act in conjunction with a universal rising. The proposed invasion had the effect of detaching the northern Protestants from the conspiracy, so that from this date onward the difference in politics may be said to coincide with the difference of religion.

The United Irishmen were carefully organised on a military basis. Each little society of twenty persons led up through baronial, county, and provincial committees to a supreme Directorate of five, whose names were known only to the provincial secretaries who elected them, and of course to the Government. The sole and entire authority centred in the Directorate, and the organisation had only one weak point; that weak point did not escape the penetration of Fitzgibbon, who took advantage of it at the right moment.

For the defence of the kingdom there were about ten thousand regular troops, which very inadequate force was supplemented by the yeomanry, a body largely composed of Protestants and numbering about thirty-seven thousand men. The Orange lodges, organised in 1795, offered their services, which were refused by Lord Camden.

At the close of 1796 the projected French invasion was carried into execution. A fleet of forty-three sail and fifteen thousand men sailed from Brest under the command of Hoche, with Wolfe Tone on board. A storm rose, and the fleet was separated. Seventeen ships reached Bantry Bay, but that which carried Hoche was not among them. Grouchy, the second in command, refused to land

without his leader, and all Tone's entreaties could not change his purpose. After standing on and off for a few days, Grouchy returned to France without having landed a single man.

All this time the United Irishmen remained strangely apathetic. This was owing, however, not to any change in the feelings of the people, but to the prompt action of the Government. On the very eve of the rising the entire Directory had been arrested. Owing to the secrecy of its organisation the main body did not know for some time what had been done. They were waiting for a signal which never came, and by the time a new Directorate had been formed the French fleet was far away. Thus, by the dispensation of Providence and the promptitude of one man, Fitzgibbon, was England saved from the greatest danger which had menaced her power since the days of the Armada.

To the abortive insurrection succeeded a reign of terror scarcely less savage than that of the Jacobins of France. The Government, at last thoroughly alive to their danger, determined to disarm the peasantry. The work was done with merciless and unnecessary severity, till the Catholics of the south rose at last in open rebellion.

The blaze burst forth on the twenty-third of May, 1798, but not as had been arranged. The arrest in Dublin of Lord Edward Fitzgerald two days previously had forced the leaders to abandon their original design of seizing that city. Wexford, however, surrendered to a mob of fourteen thousand insurgents, headed by a village priest, and became the headquarters of the movement. But the atrocities of the rebels far exceeded in brutality those which had goaded them into rebellion. Protestants were shot, drowned, hung, or burned promiscuously everywhere. Women and children and old men were treated in the same fashion as those who were taken with arms in their hands, or

were at least capable of using them. Of the ultimate fate of the rebellion there could, of course, be no doubt, but its end was materially hastened by its own mad and brutal ferocity. The Protestants of Ulster, who had joined the ranks of the United Irishmen, stood aloof from a movement which threatened the extirpation of their religion; the Catholic gentry of the south sided with the Government in suppressing a movement which threatened the extirpation of law, order, and life. Within less than a month the power of the insurgents was broken by Lake upon Vinegar Hill.

When the rebellion was over, the victors emulated the barbarities of the vanquished. The correspondence of Lord Cornwallis establishes that beyond dispute. Speaking in one place of the manner in which martial law was executed he says: "All this is trifling compared to the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever. The yeomanry are on the style of the Loyalists of America, only much more numerous and powerful, and a thousand times more ferocious."

And what did Grattan's illustrious and beneficent legislators do for the country on this occasion? Let Lord Cornwallis speak again: "The principal persons of the country and the members of both Houses of Parliament are in general averse to all acts of clemency, and although they do not express, and are perhaps too much heated to see the ultimate effects which their violence must produce, would pursue measures that could only terminate in the extirpation of the greater number of the inhabitants and in the utter destruction of their country." And this was the Parliament which was to make Ireland a free nation, and to shower down blessings upon the heads of its fortunate inhabitants!

Within a few weeks after Lake's victory a body of nine hundred French landed at Killala, and, after defeating

the conqueror of Vinegar Hill in a skirmish known as the Castlebar Races, finally surrendered to Lord Cornwallis. At the same time a fleet of four French vessels appeared off Lough Swilly, and, after some severe fighting, surrendered to the same number of English ships. Wolfe Tone was on board, wearing the uniform of a French officer. He was tried by court martial and sentenced to be hanged. To escape the ignominy of such a fate he cut his own throat in prison.

Men of all minds began now to see that they had had quite enough experience of an independent legislature. Even the Roman Catholics, for whom Grattan's Parliament was to have worked such wonders, looked eagerly forward to the time when it would be swept away, and when their interests would be cared for once more by an English House of Commons. They met the overtures for a Union more than half-way. The wretched peasantry, whose misery had increased a thousandfold under the rule of that parody of a legislature, regarded its extinction with unfeigned equanimity. But the Opposition determined to fight the battle out to the very last. They had personal interests at stake, and personal interests weighed far more than the welfare of the country.

It was not till the twenty-second of January, 1799, that the Union was formally introduced in the speech from the throne. On that day the first debate took place, which occupied no less than twenty-two hours, the Government obtaining, at its conclusion, a majority of one. The second debate commenced at five o'clock on the twenty-third and lasted till late on the following day, when the Treasury was unexpectedly defeated.

Three leading arguments were used in favour of the Union. First, the distracted state of the country, which had just emerged from a bloody rebellion, and the utter incapacity of the Irish legislature to preserve the Constitution; secondly, the great com-

mercial advantages which must enrich Ireland by the extension of its trade, the influx of British capital, and the increased confidence in the stability of its established institutions; thirdly, the example of Scotland.

To the first argument the reply was, that the late disturbances had been worked up by the Minister to terrify the gentry into a union with England; that the rebellion, with its attendant atrocities, had been fostered by Pitt and prolonged by Cornwallis, and had been finally suppressed by the Irish Government, in spite of the efforts of the English Ministry to protract it. This charge, horrible and monstrous as it now seems to be, nevertheless had many supporters. To the second it was replied, that there were no commercial advantages which Ireland could possibly gain by a union which she might not equally attain without a union. To the third it was urged, that the comparison between Scotland and Ireland was fallacious, because, without a union, the Scottish Crown would have gone to another dynasty.

But the argument mainly relied upon by the Opposition was the incompetence of the Irish Parliament to enact a union. It was argued that the representatives elected by the people were trustees for the time being, to preserve their rights and the Constitution inviolate; that at the expiration of that trust they were bound to deliver it back to the people from whom they had received it, but that they could have no power to betray that trust or transfer an independent Constitution, the integrity of which they were bound to preserve. The lawyers supported this view and denied the competence of Parliament to pass or receive any act to blot out its own existence. This was the opinion advocated by Saurin, Plunket, Sir John Parnell, Burke and Lord Oriel, Speaker of the House of Commons, as well as by Grattan, Curran, and Ponsonby.

The session closed not long after

these two debates, and the respite was made use of by Lord Cornwallis, the Viceroy, Lord Castlereagh, the Secretary, and Fitzgibbon, now Earl of Clare, to break down the Opposition by the only argument capable of convincing it. There was no constitutional means of extinguishing a Parliament without its own consent, and as the English interest was maintained only by bribery it was thought that the same agency might effect a little more.

Castlereagh arranged a scheme by which a million and a half of money should be spent in compensation to all those who could possibly suffer by a union. Every nobleman who returned members to Parliament was to be paid fifteen thousand pounds in cash for each member so returned; every member who had purchased a seat was to have his money returned to him. This has been called corrupting the Irish Parliament. The Irish Parliament could not by any human means have been rendered more corrupt than it already was. The Government were in a dilemma. Pitt and the leading English and Irish statesmen were convinced that justice to the Catholics under the present system was impossible. The Protestant Parliament would not admit Catholic representatives; and if Catholic members were admitted it would mean the preponderance of the Catholic interest, the confiscation of Protestant property, and a civil war between north and south. The only way out of the difficulty was to over-ride the local interests by the paramount authority of a united Parliament, to mete equal justice to all, and to keep the rival factions from mutually destroying each other. The Union was a necessity for the very life of Ireland.

The last Session of the last Irish Parliament was opened in January, 1800. There was no allusion to the Union in the speech from the throne. There was not a statement in the address that could be debated. The Opposition were themselves therefore

forced to make the first move. Sir Laurence Parsons proposed an amendment declaring the resolution of Parliament to preserve the Constitution of 1782, and to support the freedom and independence of the nation. The debate was carried on through the night with increasing heat and bitterness. At seven o'clock in the morning an affecting incident took place. Grattan had been returned for Wicklow shortly after midnight, and, though in a weak state of health, had posted all the way to Dublin to take his part in the great struggle. As he entered, clad in the uniform of the volunteers of 1782, every member rose from his seat. He advanced to the table and took the oath. The House was silent. Almost breathless he rose to speak, but was unable to stand and asked permission to speak sitting. In broken language, and as if every word would be his last, he began, but kindling as he went along, his language soon glowed with all the energy and feeling of the Grattan of eighteen years before. His eloquence was spent in vain. A division took place on Lord Castlereagh's motion for an adjournment, when the Government had one hundred and thirty-eight votes to ninety-six.

On the fifth of February, the House met again. Again it sat through the night on a motion that the propositions for the Union should be printed and circulated with a view to ultimate adoption; but the debate was as every one knew on the main issue. At eleven o'clock the next morning the division took place, and the motion was carried by one hundred and fifty-eight votes to one hundred and fifteen. On the fifteenth of February the direct resolution for the Union was brought in and passed by a majority of forty-six in the Commons, and in the Upper House by a majority of forty-nine. The Royal assent was given to the Bill on the second of August.

By the Act of Union, Ireland was represented in the Upper House of

the Imperial Parliament by four spiritual and twenty-eight temporal peers, and in the House of Commons by one hundred members elected under the old system. Free trade was established between the two countries. Ireland was to contribute in the ratio of two to fifteen to the Imperial revenue, and the debts of the two countries were to be kept distinct.

Thus was closed Ireland's short-lived independence of eighteen years, the darkest and most unhappy period that even she had seen since 1641. No enemy of that country could wish her a worse fate than another eighteen years of Home Rule. Eighteen months would, in all human probability, be found more than sufficient. And if any Nationalist now regrets the extinction of Grattan's Parliament he may console

himself with the opinion expressed of it by so good a judge as Wolfe Tone: "I have now seen the Parliament of Ireland, the Parliament of England, the Congress of the United States, the Corps Legislatif of France, and the Convention Batave; I have likewise seen our Volunteer Convention of 1783, and the General Convention of Catholics in 1793, so that I have seen in the way of deliberative assemblies as many, I believe, as most men, and of all these I have mentioned, beyond all comparison, the most shamelessly profligate and abandoned by all sense of virtue, principle, or even common decency, was the legislature of my own unfortunate country. The scoundrels! I lose my temper every time I think of them."

## INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

If it were not hazardous to predict the speedy accomplishment of any work in which the co-operation of the British Legislature is necessary, one would be inclined to say that the long-vexed question of International Copyright is at last within view of a settlement. Thanks to the labours of the two diplomatic Conferences held at Berne in September, 1884, and in the same month of the year following, a reasonable basis of joint action in this matter has been submitted to the governments of ten European nations, including five out of the six Great Powers, and there seems no reason to doubt that the revised proposals of the second of these Conferences will in the main be accepted. The only obstacle to the immediate adhesion of the British government to the proposed arrangement is, that such a step involves as a condition precedent the more or less extensive (according to the plan adopted it will be but a slight) amendment of our existing municipal law. This duty the Board of Trade, which had been singularly slow to move during the earlier stages of the negotiation, has now definitively undertaken. Its authorities promised some time ago, in a communication addressed to the Foreign Office, that the department "would be prepared to submit a Bill to Parliament embodying the necessary changes in the present law." But between the greater and lesser projects of legislation proposed to them, their original choice was somewhat calculated to dash the hopes of the less ambitious advocates of copyright legislation. They were "strongly of opinion," they said, "that the present opportunity should not be lost for putting the copyright question on a more satisfactory footing;" and they further considered "that it is of such importance that

foreign countries should be enabled clearly to understand what the law of copyright is in this country, that they think it will be most desirable, if the circumstances of the session admit of it, to take the opportunity of codifying the present copyright law in the Bill which they hope to introduce into Parliament at an early date." But "if the circumstances of the session admit of it"! There is too often vice as well as virtue in an "if," and from the first it appeared tolerably obvious that the promise of the Board of Trade in the present instance was vitiated by its proviso. In connection with the extensive plan of legislation to which the department was at first disposed to commit itself, the "if" was unfortunately a very large one indeed. It is satisfactory to find from the Bill which has in fact been prepared on the subject, that more moderate counsels have prevailed.

The history of the proceedings which have brought the international copyright question, so far at least as Europe alone is concerned, to its present stage, may here be briefly summarised. In December, 1883, the Swiss Federal Council addressed a circular note "to the governments of all civilised countries, inviting them to take part in a diplomatic Conference, with a view to protecting literary and artistic property." Consulted thereupon by Lord Granville as to the expediency or otherwise of accepting the invitation, the Board of Trade replied with a curt expression of the opinion that "in the present state of the copyright question it would not be advisable for her Majesty's government to be represented at the proposed Conference." To the unofficial mind it might have appeared that "the present state of copyright question" constituted one

of the best of reasons why a representative of her Majesty's government *should* attend a diplomatic Conference on the subject proposed, if only for the sake of obtaining fresh light thereon. Even the official mind (in another office) appears to have deemed further explanations necessary, and they were accordingly solicited; but, whether forthcoming or not, they do not appear in the correspondence laid before Parliament. A few weeks afterwards, however, the Foreign Office wrote again to the Board of Trade, suggesting that Mr. Adams, her Majesty's minister at Berne, should be instructed to attend the Conference "in a consultative capacity, and with no power to vote or to bind her Majesty's government;" in which course the Board of Trade not only concurred, but concurred with a readiness which, as contrasted with their previous reluctance, opens a wide field of interesting speculation as to what the department could have originally supposed that the British representative at the Conference was to be empowered to do. On the ninth of September, 1884, the Conference met, and after sitting for ten days agreed upon a draft Convention, to be submitted to the various governments represented at the Conference for their approval—Mr. Adams receiving permission by telegraph to sign the *procès-verbal* or protocol recommending the adoption of the convention, but "on the express understanding that her Majesty's government would not be bound by any conclusion arrived at." The proposals contained in this document, having undergone material alterations in the Conference of the following year, it is unnecessary to discuss them at any length. Suffice it to say that they were based on the prudent, because essentially uncontentious, principle of allowing each country, in the proposed International Copyright Union, to settle for itself the conditions and length of time under and for which the exclusive right of the author of a literary or artistic work

shall be enjoyed. The German delegates had brought forward a characteristic proposal to the effect that, instead of concluding a convention "based on the principle of national treatment," the Conference should "aim at once at a codification regulating in a uniform manner for the whole of the proposed union, and, in the frame of a convention, the whole of the stipulations relating to copyright." Considering, however, that the periods for which copyright at present exists in different countries vary from as much as eighty years from the author's death (the term in Spain), to as little as twenty years from the same event (the term in Belgium), it is pretty evident that there would be considerable, if not insuperable, difficulty in inducing all countries to agree upon the common term which the German delegates desired to establish. Their too ambitious project was wisely discouraged by the other members, who were content to embody it in a supplemental statement of "principles recommended for an ulterior unification," in which they observe that an "international codification is in the nature of things, and will be effected sooner or later;" and, with a view of paving the way for it "by indicating at the present moment upon some essential points the way in which it is desirable that the codification should be made," they go on to throw out the suggestion that the protection accorded to authors of literary or artistic works should last for their life, and after their death "for a period of years which should not be less than thirty." Personally one may or may not hold that this is a reasonable and satisfactory term, neither too long nor too short, but to attempt to impose it as a uniform copyright period upon all civilised nations in the name of "the nature of things," is an enterprise which the Conference may be congratulated on declining. Without resorting to the extreme controversial measure (adopted by an indig-

nant disputant on a certain famous occasion) of "damning the nature of things," one may certainly express a doubt whether it is really in their nature to insist on a common international measure of the privilege to be extended to literary property, any more than on a common international standard of the punishment to be apportioned to criminal offences. The day, of course, may conceivably come when all nations will agree on an identical estimate of the mischief of every possible crime; but it would be somewhat rash to affirm that such an agreement is "in the nature of things." For the purposes of extradition treaties it is sufficient that nations should agree to regard certain acts as meriting criminal punishment on grounds of public policy; and, in the same way, it suffices for the purposes of international copyright conventions that certain forms of property shall be regarded as meriting legal protection on the same grounds. The amount of punishment and the period of protection which public policy in each case demands, is a question to which the answer will vary with the endless varieties of national opinion and sentiment; and it is therefore a question on which difference of view will probably strike many of us as rather more "in the nature of things" than agreement.

The question, anyhow, is one which relates to a very remote future, and the Conference, judiciously acting on Sydney Smith's advice to Lady Grey, took "short views" on the point, and gave their preference to the "national principle" above referred to. Their draft Convention was duly laid before the English Foreign Office, from which it was transmitted in November last to the Board of Trade, with an intimation that it would probably be signed during the present year by the representatives of the most important European states, and a request that the Board of Trade would favour the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs with any observations which they might

have to offer "on the recommendations [of the necessary changes in our own law] made by the British delegates." To this the Board of Trade replied in the terms which have been stated above—signifying, that is to say, their opinion that "the present opportunity should not be lost for putting the copyright question on a more satisfactory footing," but at the same time expressing that doubtfully wise desire for an immediate codification of the existing copyright law which they afterwards had the not doubtful wisdom to resist. In the last week of March leave was given to Mr. Mundella to introduce a Bill "to amend the law respecting International and Colonial Copyright," the draft of which is now before the public. Framed in pursuance of the reconsidered and more modest resolutions of the Board of Trade, it is a compact measure, containing only twelve sections of its own, though it repeals no fewer than a dozen previous Acts of Parliament. Its preamble begins, of course, by reciting the authorisation of her Majesty under the existing International Copyright Act to direct, by Order in Council, that, as regards literary and artistic works first published in a foreign country, the authors shall have copyright therein during the period specified in the order, such period not to exceed that during which authors of the like works first published in the United Kingdom have copyright. Having next recited the fact of the draft Convention having been agreed to at the Berne Conference; and that without the authority of Parliament such convention cannot be carried into effect in her Majesty's dominions, and consequently her Majesty cannot become a party thereto; and that it is expedient to enable her Majesty to accede to the convention; it thereupon proceeds to confer the requisite powers. The first section indicates the existing International Copyright Acts, with which the new Act (after our usual fashion) is "to be read" and construed; and the second extends the

operation of Orders in Council, formerly applicable each to a single foreign country, to "all the several foreign countries named or described therein," which will of course be the countries which are parties to the Berne Convention. Section three enacts that an Order in Council may provide for determining the country in which a literary or artistic work produced simultaneously in two or more countries is to be deemed, for the purposes of copyright, to have been first produced; and directs that in cases where the foreign country shall be deemed to be the place of production of a work, the copyright granted to such work in the United Kingdom shall be limited to the time allowed by law in the country of production. Section four is to the very sensible and valuable effect that the provisions (often needless and always vexatious) of the International Copyright Act, "with respect to the registry and delivery of copies of works" seeking copyright, shall not apply to works produced in one of the convention countries, except so far as future Orders in Council may provide. To this, however, is added the necessary stipulation that before making an Order in Council in respect to any foreign country, her Majesty in Council shall be satisfied that that foreign country has made such provisions (if any) as it appears expedient to require for the protection of authors of works first produced in the United Kingdom. The next section deals with a question much debated at the Conference—that of translations, and incorporates the decision of that body in the Bill. That is to say, it provides that the author or publisher of a copyrighted work first produced in a foreign country to which an Order in Council applies, shall have the same right of preventing the production in or importation into the United Kingdom of any unauthorised translation of the said work as he has of preventing the production and importation of the original work. This, however, is subject to the proviso that if, after the

expiration of ten years, or any other time prescribed by the Order, from the end of the year when the book was first produced, an authorised translation in the English language of such work has not been produced, the right to prevent the production and importation of unauthorised translations shall lapse. The only other section which, perhaps, calls for notice is that regulating the mode by which the existence and proprietorship of the foreign copyright in any work seeking copyright in this country is to be ascertained. On this point it is proposed to enact that "an extract from a register, or a certificate, or other document stating the existence of the copyright or the person who is the proprietor of such copyright . . . if authenticated by the official seal or the signature of a British diplomatic or consular officer acting in such country, shall be admissible as evidence of the facts named therein, and all courts shall take judicial notice of every such official seal and signature as in the section mentioned, and shall admit in evidence without proof the document authenticated by it."

Such is the International and Colonial Copyright Bill; and if any measure whatever, big or little, could be said to have a good chance of passing through Parliament during the present session, so much might be certainly said of this simple but extremely useful project of legislation. On its own merits it clearly deserves to find its way to the Statute Book, but whether it will succeed in doing so between now and whenever it may be (for nobody knows when), the session or the Parliament (for nobody knows that) may come to an end, is much more than any reasonable man not paid, as "sporting prophets" are, for prophesying, would care to predict.

But enough of the question of international copyright as between the European States; it is, of course, in respect to our relations with America that the settlement of the question possesses its chief concern for

English men of letters. It can hardly be an exaggeration to say that for one English author who is interested in the recognition of his rights of authorship in continental countries, there are twenty who stand in the same position with respect to the United States. Notice has already been taken of the terms in which the American representative expressed his personal sympathy with the objects of the Berne Conference, and during the present year substantial effect has been given to these sentiments by the introduction of Senator Hawley's Bill. This is a short measure of five sections, simply proposing to enact that from and after its passing, "the citizens of foreign states and countries of which the laws, treaties, or conventions confer, or shall hereafter confer, upon citizens of the United States right of copyright equal to those accorded to their citizens, shall have in the United States rights of copyright equal to those enjoyed by citizens of the United States." Other sections provide for the application of existing copyright laws, except as thereinafter amended or repealed, to the copyright to be created by the new Act, and direct that the proclamation of the President of the United States, declaring the existence of the aforesaid "equality of rights" in any country, shall be conclusive proof of such equality.

On the consideration of this Bill by the Senate Committee on Patents a number of persons interested in the question, principally of course authors and publishers, were admitted to submit their respective views upon the subject to the committee; and it is certainly gratifying to find how much the controversy—or what remains of it—has advanced since the days when the late Mr. Charles Reade published a whole series of characteristically clever but also characteristically eccentric letters on the subject in the columns of the (original) 'Pall Mall Gazette,' without ever coming to blows, if one may say so,

with his adversaries. A certain duel, if I recollect rightly, is fought in one of Mr. Gilbert's 'Bab Ballads,' between Francis Winterbottom Hance (I think was his name) and a French rival, which strongly reminds one of the bloodless controversy to which I have referred. When one of two disputants insists on the proposition that every sound ethical rule of conduct not merely ought to be invested with the authority of positive law, but possesses, antecedently to such investment, the same claim to civil obedience as positive law; and when the other disputant contends not merely that man considered as a citizen is entitled, if he pleases, to deal with his fellows upon strict legal rather than ethical rules of conduct, but that the legislator need admit no presumption in favour of assimilating the lower to the higher obligation—when this is the character of the contention we need not wonder that the blades of the two dialectical duellists never meet at all. "You are bound to act thus or thus, because the law ought to compel you," is in itself, no doubt, an untenable proposition; but a man who puts it forward may sooner or later be argued into substantial agreement with another who replies, "No, I am not bound to act thus or thus merely because the law ought to, though it does not, compel me; but I own that I think the law ought to compel me, because it is the way in which I ought to act." With an opponent, however, who replies doggedly, "I am not now bound in law, and the fact that (as you choose to say) I am bound in ethics is no reason for binding me in law," the prospect of a compromise is hopeless. Much the same sort of thing happened when the copyright controversy was carried on in terms of the philosophy of property, instead of in those of ethics. To men like Mr. Charles Reade there is such a sanctity in the products of the human brain, that, not content with claiming for them recognition as "property" by the law, they

insisted on ascribing that name and its incidents to them before such recognition, and even regardless of its being expressly withheld. The extreme school of "legality," on the other side, were not content with insisting rightly that "property" is solely the creation of law, but went on to contend in effect that the objects in which property is created may be chosen by the pure caprice of the legislator, and that there is no *prima facie* presumption in favour of selecting "ideas" as the recipients of the privilege.

Both these extravagances of opinion have now practically disappeared, and the latest survival of the opposition to the protection of "ideas" appears to be founded not so much on the theory that ideas are not legitimate subjects of property as that their producers must be assumed to have parted with their property in them by the act of publication. This singularly perverse doctrine has found its latest exponent in the person of Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard, one of the deponents before the Committee on Patents, who is reported to have said that "the property right of an author in his work is different from that of any other property right. While he holds the manuscripts or his thoughts in his own possession they are his own, but when he gives them to the world they become the property of the world." Mr. Lowell, who attended as President of the International Copyright League, and followed this gentleman, had, of course, no difficulty in dealing with so muddle-headed a distinction. "Nobody supposed," he said, "that there could be property in an idea, but there was a property in the fashion given to the idea. The Constitution had already recognised that in conferring the power to grant patents, which were nothing but ideas fashioned in a certain way." One would have thought that to insist in season and out of season on this exact analogy could not fail of its effect on commercial communities like England and America. Yet it is astonishing

to observe the difficulty which the commercial mind appears to experience in grasping the relation between the two cases. In especial is it perplexed by the claim of literary property in the "fashioning" of ideas which in themselves have no pretension to novelty. "Why," asks one of the worthy owners of a mind of this class, "why should you ask to have this work of yours protected when the idea it embodies has been treated by other writers a hundred times before?" Of course you might just as well ask Mr. Edison how he can have the face to require protection for his electrical appliances when he knows perfectly well that electricity was discovered long before his appearance as an inventor; but it would be vain to expect Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard to perceive the exactitude of the parallel. He would still remain of opinion that that is not ours which in fact is ours, though in return he is good enough to add that something is ours to which we feel that we cannot possibly lay any claim. Mr. Lowell declared, as we have seen, that "nobody supposed" that there could be property in an idea as such, but it seems clear that Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard does suppose so. He says that "while a man holds his thoughts in his own possession they are his own." But in what sense are they "his own"? or with what meaning can those words be attached to anything about the thought except the mere molecular changes of cerebral tissue which accompany it. For instance, while Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard was speaking, Mr. Lowell was evidently thinking "the thought" that Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard was talking something very like nonsense. Yet how can we say the thought was Mr. Lowell's "own," when the same thought was probably passing through the mind of Mr. Dana Estes, the publisher, and Mr. R. R. Bowker, of New York, who presented to the committee a memorial signed by some two hundred of the leading authors of the country in support of the Hawley Bill? The truth

is, that the only way Mr. Lowell could acquire property in it was by doing exactly that which Mr. Gardner G. Hubbard would regard as parting with the property in it, namely, by giving it to the world. If Mr. Lowell, instead of orally delivering his destructive reply to what he justly described as Mr. G. G. Hubbard's "extraordinary speech," had chosen to reserve it for publication in a book or a pamphlet on the copyright question, he would, of course, have secured property in the very original and characteristic form or "fashion" which, as the newspaper report of his speech shows, he gave to the very obvious and commonly shared thought that Mr. Hubbard was all wrong in his law, his morality, and his economics.

It is unnecessary, however, to spend any more time over the survival of a period when books, as Mr. Lowell humorously put it, were regarded "like umbrellas, as *fera natura*"—a *mot* to which I have no other objection to take than that in its form it is calculated to confirm the popular error that *fera* is a nominative plural instead of a genitive singular. The real force of opposition to international copyright has for some time past transferred itself from the field of theoretical right to that of practical expediency. It has been argued that the American people get their books cheapened for them by a system which permits American publishers to appropriate, if they choose to do so, the works of English authors; and, with comical inconsistency in a Protectionist nation, that it is not for the Legislature to enhance the price of books by "taxing them for the benefit of foreign authors." It is amusing to turn from an argument of this kind to a copy of the United States tariff, and to count the number of articles for which the American public is taxed, not, indeed, for the benefit of a foreign producer, but for the benefit of a producer, to whose support the American consumer can, it would seem, be legitimately made to contri-

bute in every case. A citizen of the United States is compelled to pay about thrice the sum for a suit of clothes that he would have to pay in this country; and he is assumed to be willing to do so cheerfully in order that the clothing and other cognate and connected industries may live and thrive. But when it is pointed out that the introduction into the country of what corresponds to a contraband merchandise, namely pirated English books, has had the effect of seriously reducing the demand for the products of another very important American industry, that of book-writing, to the great loss and discouragement of those that practise it, the economical conscience of American politicians has in some mysterious way become converted, *pro hac vice*, to the doctrines of free trade, and they have sternly closed their ears against the "bitter cry" of the native author. Yet with a singular and even cynical elasticity of principle they no sooner turn from the author's industry to any one of the other industries connected with the production of literature—to the paper-makers', the printers', or the book-binders'—and the Free Trade "stop" is straightway pushed in and the Protectionist "stop" pulled out. The American publisher may import the English author's books in the sense of bringing over his written words for reprint and republication in America, but he must not think of honestly buying, paying for, and importing the book itself free of fiscal charge. That would be to attack the sacred interests of the mechanical trades connected with literature; and here accordingly America reverts to her normal economic policy and protects the printers, stereotypers, binders, and others by an import duty.

Let us now see how Senator Hawley's Bill affects the various classes of persons directly or immediately interested in the question. These classes are six in number, and consist of—(1) English authors; (2) English publishers; (3) American authors;

(4) American publishers, with whom, of course, should be grouped printers, stereotypers, paper-makers, and other persons engaged in the auxiliary industries aforesaid: (5) the importers of foreign books, and (6) the American book-buying and book-reading public.

1. The interest of the first of these classes, of course, is, that its members should be able to stipulate, just as they can do in England, for a royalty on the sale of their books in the United States, as a condition of allowing them to enter the book-market at all.

2. The interest of the second class, the English publishers, is, of course, identical with, or rather substituted for, that of the author, in the case in which the former has acquired the copyright. In the case in which it still remains in the author's hands, the interest of the English publisher will only be affected by the Bill so far as it operates to diminish, or, as was suggested to the Committee on Patents, to prohibit, the importation of English books for those customers who prefer to do their reading from volumes more pleasing, and type less trying to the eyes, than those of the cheap American editions. The number of these persons is relatively, it is to be supposed, inconsiderable, and we may therefore practically neglect this detail in the operation of the Bill.

3. The American author's interest in the enactment of an international copyright law is twofold. In the first place he wishes to secure a reciprocal protection for his works abroad; and secondly he desires, as is natural to a producer in any country, and especially so in America, to be protected against the underselling of his own works by the publishers of cheap reprints of English books. These cheap reprints, or at any rate reprints *so* cheap as these, will, of course, be unproduicible by American publishers when they have to pay—not spasmodically as some of them now do; or, if regularly, only voluntarily and from a sense of honourable obligation—a royalty to

the authors. The "home-grown" book at a dollar or a dollar and a half will no longer have to compete with the products of the American "libraries" at ten or fifteen cents apiece.

4. The American publishers. These, of course, have, *as a body*, nothing to gain directly, but on the contrary something to lose, by international copyright. For them, of course, the conclusion of such an arrangement would be equivalent to compelling the thrifty broom-seller in the well-known anecdote to buy the handles, twigs, and twine which he requires for the purposes of his industry, instead of obtaining them as he had been wont to do by *steal*—well, in a cheaper way. Some of them are therefore violently opposed to it. Mr. Sherman, for instance, the "pirate," as he proudly avows himself, of the '*Encyclopaedia Britannica*,' whose evidence before the Committee on Patents is instructive as showing the almost ludicrous state of moral insensibility to which "thrifty broom-dealing" pursued on system may bring an—I presume in other matters—"indifferent honest" man. At the same time the Bill is desired by all, I believe, of the higher class of American publishers, in virtue of the ulterior results to be expected from it in promoting a healthier, and, what is more, a less hazardous, form of business than the existing system produces. Moreover, it is perceived by American publishers of this class, that if they have to forego some of the profits which they obtain at present by the sale of unprotected English books, they will on the other hand be compensated in the form of a stimulated production of American works. Mr. Dana Estes, of the firm of Estes and Laureat, gave striking testimony to this effect before the Committee. He has been forced, he said, to "return many scores, even hundreds, of manuscripts of American authors unopened, simply from the fact that it was impossible to make the books of most American authors pay, unless they were first published

and acquired recognition through the columns of the magazines."

Mr. Dana Estes then went on to show how the absence of an international copyright affected the position of the American publisher. "He was to-day," he said, "producing an English book, the original outlay upon which was more than a hundred thousand dollars for the plant, which expense he was able to share with the English publisher. The English publisher, however, had protection, while he (the speaker) might at any moment find a pirated edition of the work in the market." It is difficult, of course, to say how far the sentiments to which Mr. Dana Estes has here given expression are shared by the great mass of American publishers. Many more of them probably are interested in a system which enables them to issue cheap reprints of English books, on what I will again call—by way of a neutral description which begs no question either of law or morality—the "thrifty broom-seller's system," than are concerned to improve their security in the production of expensive editions of English works, or still more to encourage on purely patriotic grounds the development of their native literature. Whatever, therefore, and however powerful, may be the support which the advocates of international copyright receive from a select class of American publishers, it is impossible, I fear, to resist the conclusion that this interest must, as a whole, be reckoned among the more or less passive opponents of change. Still there is at least a division of opinion and desire among them, and they must be to a certain extent influenced by the pervading sentiments of the American literary class.

5. It is when we come to the trades auxiliary to the publishing business that we reach the real centre of opposition to international copyright. For it is mainly through its probable operation upon these industries that the question of Protection, that great difficulty in the way of all international dealings

between England and America, arises. Perhaps a brief extract from the report of the proceedings before the Committee of Patents on the twenty-eighth of January of this year may serve more aptly to illustrate the curious intertexture of protectionist interests involved in this question than many pages of comment:—

"Dr. Crosby argued that an international copyright would benefit American publishers as well as authors, and added that the regular tariff on imported books would continue to give all the protection needed by American book manufacturers. Senator Hankey read some of the tariff rates, and said some printers, stereotypers, binders, and others thought the Bill should expressly provide for the continuance of the tariff, and that all foreign books copyrighted here should be printed here. Mr. Hankey had no objection to having this put in the Bill. Mr. A. G. Sedgwick thought that if the Bill was to be made a protectionist measure it should also protect those who have been encouraged by the Americans to become pirates of foreign books."

It is not quite easy to determine, in default of any knowledge of the speaker's economical opinions, whether this last remark was ironically meant or not; but, whatever its spirit, it constitutes the most perfect *reductio ad absurdum* of a protectionist system. The American author's appeal for an international copyright is, of course, at bottom, as he must himself admit, a protectionist appeal; and in this counter-claim, therefore, we have one of two associated industries clamouring in the name of vested interests for the continuance of a protection which depends upon leaving the other industry unprotected. "Do not let me," cries the American author to his Legislature, "be undersold in the production of ideas by men whom you allow to import ideas for nothing." "What!" on the other hand, exclaims the pirate, "compel me to pay for what I have always been in the habit of getting for nothing, and so extinguish an industry which has just as much right to be protected as another!" Looked at from the purely protectionist point of view, the dead-lock is complete.

The printers, paper-makers, &c.

have of course a more reputable case. They are simply actuated by the fear lest English books acquiring copyright in America should be "manufactured" largely in England to the injury of their trade. This fear I believe to be groundless, because books that are to enjoy any large circulation can be printed cheaper in the United States than they can be imported. If there were any doubt on this point, the proper plan would be to increase the duty on books from twenty-five per cent. to such a point as might be considered necessary to protect the American printers. The objection to this "manufacturing clause" is that it places the English author at the mercy of the American publisher, as he must accept whatever terms are offered him in the brief interval between the original publication of his book and the date by which he must publish in America in order to secure his copyright. It has the further disadvantage of creating two classes of books, the protected and the unprotected, as it is obvious that there are many books which would not pay for republication, and these would be liable to be abridged, garbled, or otherwise maltreated by pirates, and finally reprinted without advantage to the author, should circumstances arise which chanced to make them commercially valuable. The first works of unknown authors would in most cases fail to obtain protection. It is unnecessary to repeat the list of books, now valuable properties, which were long regarded as dismal failures. I repeat that the danger which the American printers dread is an imaginary one; and that, even if it exists, the proper way to meet it is by raising the tariff on books, and not by the introduction into the Bill of a "manufacturing clause."

Still it is at this point that the real obstacle to copyright legislation

in the United States is for the present to be sought. Until the protected interests which are threatened by the change can be sufficiently—or, what is not always the same thing, in their own opinion sufficiently—guarded from loss by the change, the works of English authors, and indirectly the industry of American authors, will remain unprotected within the dominions of the Union. It was not, of course, to be expected that American opinion would in all quarters acknowledge this to be the sole impediment to legislation. A New York newspaper, for instance, and one of considerable circulation, remarks with reference to the American book-buying and book-reading public, that "nobody seems to have thought much about the interests of this numerous, and in matters of legislation somewhat influential, class"; and asks, a little cynically perhaps, "Will American book-buyers recognise the just right of the foreign author to a royalty on his books sold here when that recognition will perhaps force them to pay a dollar or a dollar and a half for books which now cost them ten or fifteen cents?" The answer, one would think, must be, that if the American public recognise these rights as "just" (as by the hypothesis they do), they can scarcely come before the world and say, that though they have the highest respect for justice in the abstract they consider it, from the business point of view, as too dear at a dollar or a dollar and a half, and on the whole prefer injustice at ten or fifteen cents. It is not at any rate for an Englishman to suggest that the cost of honesty will operate as a serious obstacle to the practical recognition of its dictates in America; and this objection out of the question, one is justified in saying that nothing now but the protectionist difficulty stops the way.

H. D. TRAILL.

